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Regarding the Story of My Wife, Medusa -

Chapter 00-19

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Prologue

Regarding the Story of My Wife, Medusa

Volume 1 Prologue

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Rockgollem, Joe, Ice

Ever since I have started reading novels and watching movies, I've had a strong desire to head for the other world. Riding a cool dragon, wielding a mighty sword and defeating many types of fierce monsters, possessing many high-tech weapons, having a strong army under my command, or even having a beautiful harem.....and accompanying those are obviously the superpowers of the protagonist.

Unfortunately, reality wasn't as perfect as I would have imagined it to be.

Of course, I wasn't mentally prepared for it in the beginning . After all, it was something that had exceeded my brain's processing capacity.

I am logical enough to know that nothing is perfect. It doesn't matter if I have no superpowers, no cool dragons to ride, or even no mighty swords to wield, which I probably am not strong enough to do so anyways.

Still, there's only one question I want to ask, and that is: Why did I end up in a monster's nest when I woke up?

TLN: This was something I wanted to do quite a while now. Oh by the way, please welcome Joe, a new editor!

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Survive first, others later!

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Rockgollem, Joe, Ice

To be honest, having both of my arms tied behind me was a first for me. The feeling was uncomfortable and hard to describe...let's just say that it makes you feel that you would die through no blood circulation instead.

When I opened my eyes, all I saw was darkness and when I closed it, all I saw was darkness as well. The first thing that popped into my mind was that I had become blind.

Of course, I couldn't rule out the possibility of me being enclosed in a small dark room. At least I still had my glasses.

Then fear hit me relentlessly as I panicked. Unless you're a blind man yourself, anyone would panic when they were in a completely dark environment. Maybe it was due to my sense of sight being robbed, but my sense of hearing and smell became more keen.

"Is anybody out there?"

I tried to call out, but didn't get any reply other than my faint echos.

"Is there anyone out there?"

I tried to call out again, this time with a louder voice.

This time, there was a reply, but it wasn't a positive one. A weird bad stench assaulted my nose coupled with creepy rustling noise.

And then, I got hit.

I've been hit so many times in my whole life, but to be hit while my vision was robbed was a first time for me. The attacker even deliberately aimed for my head.

It wasn't that painful, not until to the degree of me being beaten to death, at least. If you ask about the dizziness, then I really felt dizzy. It felt worse than the worst hangover I had in my whole life. The dizziness overcame me as I fainted.

I couldn't tell how long I was out, but when I could finally open my eyes, the disgusting stench and rustling sound had vanished. I felt lucky that I didn't die, but maybe the situation I was in wasn't something that lucky. My arms suddenly felt painful around the wrist. Oh right, My hands were tied up.

"I've only lived for 20 over years, it couldn't be my karma, right? Or is it the karma of the me from the previous life?"

I felt tired and sighed. Craving for a cigarette, I tried to reach for the lighter and a pack of cigarettes in my shirt pocket but couldn't reach it with my tied-up limbs. I couldn't run, and calling for help would only attract the attention of that guy who kept hitting me. If I couldn't use my limbs, then let's use my brain to at least figure out who did this to me. If there is a slight chance that I can escape, I could directly go to a police station and report a kidnapping.

But now that I think about it, isn't it kind of scary?

First was the horrible stench. It was impossible for a human to emit such smell unless they had an intention to. Next, the rustling sound. It didn't sound like someone was out there making the sound but it sounded like it was from my surroundings. Furthermore, as long as you were a human, your footsteps would make sound. With sound in mind, I also didn't hear any door opening. This means that I was in an open area, and not in an enclosed space.

I'm a genius at reasoning! Please call me Detective C✕nan!

Still, what's the point of knowing these stuff?

Furthermore, based on these knowledge, didn't the possibility of the opponent being not a human become higher?

Still, not being in an enclosed space was beneficial to me. As long as I could get these ropes off, I had a chance to escape.

Ugh, I should just save my brain power.

Although it felt like I was going to die, my mind screamed in protest to live. It didn't matter if I became blind, broke my limbs, or even have no chance to see those who were important to me.

I just wanted to live.

Suddenly, as if it heard my thoughts, the horrible stench assaulted my nose again. I didn't struggle, because I felt a pair of hands tying a rope around my waist.

My reaction was——"Don't kill me, please! Anything but that!"——I said such unmanly words without a moment of hesitation.

There's only one reason I would say this: I didn't want to die.

However, I felt the pair of hands untying the rope binding my hands and continued with the ropes binding my legs. I didn't move a single muscle as if I was an acrobat walking on a tightrope. Hope, survival and confidence. These words materialised within me as my limbs felt like they were filled with strength.

However, in reality, I was just sitting on the floor. Indeed, I was filled with confidence, but those few hours of being tied up caused me to be unable to move my arm.

"THE HELL!?"

When I tried to move my arm, I immediately screamed out these two words loudly. It wasn't because my arms hurt, but because the rope tied around my waist was pulled from the other end by someone. If I had to describe the strength, I would say that rather than a human, it could be a *125cc motorbike*¹ pulling it.

My muscles desperately tried to protect my fragile backbone, causing painful muscle cramps coupled with the pain of being dragged on a floor. Clenching my teeth, I put my hands around my head to protect it from the unending impacts on something that was like a wall. Also, maybe it was because of the sand and dust that had entered my lungs, it hurts like hell.

Unable to take the pain anymore, I howled out painfully.

That's right. I howled. I didn't even know a human such as myself was capable of making such a sound

The only thing I was glad of was that it didn't last long. If this continued on for 30 more seconds, I was sure I would be dead.

And then, another good thing happened——I saw a light!

The sunlight was so strong that it made me dizzy. Even though I may be an idiot, I was not blind! My eyes were properly executing their duties!

Looking at my hands, although they were covered in scratches and wounds, at least I could still move them; Looking at my body, although my favorite T-shirt was ruined, at least my backbone was still intact; Looking at my legs, the knees were scraped and bleeding, but I would still be able to run and even jump after it heals!

Talking about jumping, I finally remembered the rope binding my legs.....

Maybe it's because I was tortured until I had become crazy? Or maybe I was just having a nightmare right now?

The 'rope' which looked like a snake at a first glance still looked like a snake.

No, seriously. It was a real snake.

The brown stripes on the snake didn't look that appealing. After gulping down my little saliva left in my mouth, and looked upwards. The 'rope' tied around my waist was actually a thick yarn fabric. I couldn't discern whether the fabric was a piece of 'cloth' or not, but the problem didn't lie there. The real problem was that the snake had a waist.....

IT HAS A WAIST?!

I sat dumbfounded at the sight of what was in my field of vision as I tried to decide whether my eyes were telling me lies. The curvy waist, big breast, sexy collarbone, beautiful face, snakes that were slithering their tongues among her hair and the rope on her hand.

All of it showed the signs that she was a mythical monster, the 'Medusa'.

Okay, now that there was a real monster in front of me, there was no procedures or experiences whatsoever that I could use as a reference at all. All I

could do now was pray that she didn't eat humans.

In other words— —'Survive first, others later'.

I didn't utter a single word as I quietly became a half-dead man.

She didn't utter a single word as she quietly became a Medusa who had tied up a half-dead man.

The animal fur underneath me on the floor didn't utter a single word.

The warm sun shining down on me didn't utter a single word.

An unending dripping noise from somewhere was the sound of water.

I glanced at the water spring in front of me and crawled over. Turning my head, I glanced at the owner of the 'rope' tied around my waste. Thinking that the action of drinking water doesn't show any hostile intent, I lowered my head to the small spring of water to drink.

The source of the spring was from a cliff on top of it. Water dripped down from a protruded rock into a small pit of water, forming a spring gradually. The spring was also surrounded by pebbles, probably by that monster to prevent sand and stone from contaminating the water.

So thirsty. The first mouthful of water felt as if it evaporated when it reached my throat. I kept on drinking even though the water tasted weird, but still, I kept drinking until I didn't feel thirsty anymore. More than half of the water in the spring had been drunk by me when I raised my head to see that monster's face around 10 centimetres from my face.

Although I was surprised, I didn't move away. It wasn't because I wasn't afraid, but because I was too tired to even move. Even nodding my head now would prove impossible.

To be honest, she wasn't really that pretty. She had a normal face if you looked at her more deeply. Her eyes that were *droopy yet slit eyes*² looked weird and the bridge of her nose wasn't that high. But unexpectedly, her lips were quite thin. If she puts on makeup, she would look like a beauty. Without it, she would still be considered good looking. Women who were still beautiful after taking off

their makeup totaled up to less than 30% of the world's women.

Of course, the above evaluation I gave didn't include her bodily stench.

Ahh.....Have I already broken down mentally to be appraising a female monster's beauty?

Just like how a body will grow tired, a brain would too. I think that I may have overused my brain today, because I have no idea why I woke up in a dark place while being tied up, beaten and then dragged on the floor till I was nearly dead by some monster. It even had a feminine face which I had no idea how it grew one.....

I really want to sleep now. At least when I sleep, I won't feel scared.

If I could make a wish, then it would be that I would still be alive when I wake up. Miss Medusa, wait, let's call you Sister Sa to be more intimate.....

Good night.

1.Something like [this](#)?

2.Just combine the eyes of [Pic 1](#) and [Pic 2](#)

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Another World

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ensj

Special thanks to [Ensj](#) for helping! Check him out and spam the hell outta him!

After much procrastination due to Kookiedreamer singing in the discord chat, I present to you Medusa!

When I opened my eyes once again, the first thing that entered my field of vision was that long tail.

I wanted to fall asleep again, just to confirm that I was really having nothing but a dream. Sadly, the pain in my joints was a painful reminder that this was reality.

After getting up slowly, I noticed that my surroundings were very quiet. It seemed like the monster had fallen asleep.

I confirmed my surroundings once again, and found out that I was in a cave.

Most of the things around me were the skins of animals that I didn't recognize. Also, most of them were either brown or black in colour.

Whatever. The most important thing right now is to call the police while that monster is sleeping.

With a *kachak*, I unlocked my phone's screen lock and quickly turned it to silent mode. Unfortunately, the words 'No Signal' shown on the screen seemed like it was something natural in this kind of situation.

"Maybe if I break free of these strings and go outside the cave, there will be a

signal?”

As the rope behind me was tied in a fast knot, the naive me used a somewhat sharp small pebble, and started to slowly cut the rope that was thicker than my fingers.

Sadly, before I started by more than 2 seconds, the rope tightened around me.

Weren't snakes supposed to have bad hearing?!

Oh, wait. She's a Medusa, not a snake.

I obediently put down the stone and nodded my head in response, showing that I had no intention of seeking death, as well as hoping she could be magnanimous.

Next, to prevent silence from befalling over us, I squeezed out a smile and said: 'Morning.'

Unfortunately, the monster before me couldn't even understand a single word of Chinese I was saying.

Thus, silence still persevered between us. The thing I hated the most was when two people were staring at each other without uttering a single word, even though the other party was a monster in this case.

If this was the case, then I rather have some peace and quiet on my own. Within the area that the rope allowed me to move freely, I stood up, walked to a certain side of the cave, and sat down with my back leaning against the rocky wall.

Luckily, I had brought my usual belongings with me. I had my phone, cigarettes, house keys, as well as my genuine leather wallet which was given to me on my birthday.

Taking out a *Yellow Crane Tower*¹ and putting it into my mouth, I tried to light it up with my lighter.

Just as a small flame appeared on my lighter, my body immediately flew up.....

“!?”

I couldn't even smoke?! Was there any 'No Smoking' sign here?!

When I touched the ground, other than feeling like my spine was on the verge of breaking, there were more than 10 heads staring intensely at me.

Of course, excluding one of them, they were all snake heads.

I don't know if snakes are scared of fire or not, but it must be a monster's instincts to guard against someone who could create a small fire from his hands. My brain spun quickly as I thought—— *'Maybe with the use of this lighter, I could have a bigger chance of escaping from this monster's grasp?'*

Thinking logically, she must have thought that this lighter was able to cause some serious damage to her. As such, she feared it. Though it was actually impossible to do any.

On a side note, I had thought regretfully——Why didn't I use the lighter to burn the rope?!

Curse my habitual thinking! Because I was in a dark place, my brain had automatically registered the lighter as a tool for giving a source of light. If I had used the lighter back when I was still in that dark place, I could have immediately determined whether I was blind or not.

Even though I had left that dark place behind, I still habitually thought that the lighter was a tool for giving a source of light, and considered it useless in a bright place. Just as I was about to smoke, I realized that the main use of a lighter was to emit a small fire.

But then, I had to make a choice quickly. To either use the lighter as a weapon to fight the monster, or.....just surrender it quietly to the monster in exchange for her trust.

In the end, I chose the latter, as I had never read a manga nor a novel about a hero exterminating monsters with a lighter.

I slowly took out the lighter that only cost a *Yuan*², that was still very durable, and ignited a small fire on it. After doing that twice, I slowly handed it over to her. Coupled with the sincere eyes of mine, it was a perfect plan.

Anxious! I was so very anxious!

Because if she didn't know how to use it, I have to torture my brain more, by

thinking of a way to increase her knowledge of lighters.

And I'll have to reestablish the most basic form of trust between us.

Thus, I held my hand out. That's right, I held it out without even a moment of hesitation and held her hand.

Medusa's hand was colder than I had expected, as if she was a fish. I slowly adjusted the lighter in position on her smooth hands, and put my thumbs over hers.

Now that I think about it, that decision was the best one I had ever made in that time. The moment I ignited the lighter could have very well been the moment that had changed my whole life.

"Flick" (TLN: Lighter igniting noises)

The sight of the small pretty flame flickering entered my eyes, as the rustling sound emitted from the snakes on her hair entered my ears.

I let go of my hands to let her try it herself. Even though I wasn't looking at her face, I could tell she was actually happy as she tried to light the lighter. Now that I think about it, isn't the special characteristic of a Medusa her ability to petrify a person into a stone? I had actually looked at her in the eyes for a few times now, so this magic must have been controllable by the Medusa herself, thus allowing her to choose her target of choice.

In other words, she wasn't going to kill me off just like that.

Yep, this monster who was crushingly superior to me in speed, strength, as well as probably having the magic skill of petrifying a person into a stone was not killing me. She may have been thinking that I have some value of usage, and may use me as her slave or something, but it doesn't matter as long as I can survive.

Just as I was thinking about that, the lighter was returned back to me. She may have thought that it wasn't something to be feared off, but I was actually secretly rejoicing in my heart.

Now, if only there was a chance to burn this rope off.....

CLANG!

Eh? Why was there something like *fetters*³?!

Does Medusa know some mind reading magic?! It was nothing but a passing thought.....

The fetters definitely weighted more than 2 kg as one of ends were shackled to one of my legs with the other on one of her arms.

With a metallic *clang*, the metal chain was moved as she stood at the exit of the cave while looking at me. She had an expensive-looking necklace with a gem on it around her neck, as a green thick yarn fabric covered her breasts and left arm. Though the quiver behind her back and the Turkish bow she held in her hands looked plain. If one does not look at her lower body, she really does look like a female archer from a certain RPG game.

I didn't think much of it and quickly tried to catch up with her.

The vegetation outside the cave was very thick, yet the number of insects were surprisingly low.

The rainforest was totally different from those in documentaires which had giant mosquitos buzzing around.

After around 300 steps, the vegetation reduced drastically as it was replaced with plains as far as my eye could see. At the same time, I noticed that the Medusa's cave was situated at a slightly protruded piece of ground at the foot of a mountain.

The Medusa slowed down as I was enjoying the rare beautiful scene. Although I had no idea why she brought a bow and arrows with her, the scene outside was really a fascinating sight for sore eyes⁴ since the stench inside the cave was unbearable.

Looking at the expanse of the grassland, then looking towards the bountiful growth of greenery, I couldn't help but be marvelled at how wonderful nature was.

Just as I decided to look towards the peak of the mountain, I finally saw an evidence of me not being in a world I know of— a rabbit standing up straight while munching on some tree leaves.

That's right, I think that's a rabbit. Should I call it a '*Girabbit*'⁵?

Footnotes:

1. Yellow Crane Tower: A brand of cigarettes in China

2. Yuan: The basic monetary unit of China, equal to 10 jiao or 100 fen.

3. Fetters: A chain or manacle used to restrain a prisoner, typically placed around the ankles

4. Or should I say...*a smell for a sore nose!* HAHAHAHAHAHAHA.....sorry.....

5. Untranslatable pun. 长颈鹿 means giraffe in Chinese, and 兔子 means rabbit. What author is doing here is practically combining these two animals together to form the word 长颈兔 to describe how the rabbit was able to eat the tree leaves I think, thus Girabbit.....I hate translating puns.....

Chapter 3

The taste of raw meat

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Joe

“Oh, fuck me.....”

I believe anyone who comes upon a ‘rabbit’ like that would make such an exclamation.

If that really happened to be a rabbit, then it must have been a rabbit where it’s nape was pierced with a hook and hung on a wall, because that thing’s neck was just long.

Too long.

If it didn’t have such long neck, this round fluffy rabbit may have looked cute. Unfortunately, other than goriness, I couldn’t even sense a speck of cuteness from it.

Isn’t this too cruel for a joke?

It’s body size looked more like a sow’s than a rabbit’s.

Although it’s fur looked like it was very thick, it wasn’t at the level of the ‘big rabbit’ that I knew of.

Just as I was about to use my phone to take a picture of that girabbit, I heard a soft muttering beside me.

Being unable to understand even a word of it, I reflexively turned my head towards her——the Medusa who had drawn her bow to it’s limit.

The bow looked like it was going to break any second, as the arrow on the bow looked like a rough handicraft. The arrowhead was nothing but a sharpened end of the arrow shaft.

Even though it's only like that, it still possessed enough power to kill. With the diameter of the arrow being around 1 cm, that girabbit was as good as dead.

However, the hand that was drawing the bowstring back did not release it yet, until some thin fog started to form around the arrow. I stared intensely as I waited for what would happen next.

It wasn't until the fog had grown thicker and had completely concealed the arrow within it that she let it loose. Just like that, the arrow silently disappeared without a trace.

A straight trail of white fog had appeared from the bow and ended at the girabbit's head, with the arrow protruding out from the other side of it. On the arrow, pink brain matter could be seen as the prey silently fell onto the ground and struggled violently.

I could feel my throat heating up, as if my adam's apple was being forcefully constricted and relaxed.

That wasn't the normal power a Turkish bow such as that should have possessed.

Although a 20 lb bow is already enough to kill someone with it, the speed that that arrow had was abnormally fast. The penetrating power it possessed was almost on par with a bullet.

It was hard to imagine that if not for the help of magic, that white fog and the arrow's lethal destructive power couldn't have been achieved.

Whilst praising the wonders of magic in my heart, I had been trying to decipher the actions of the Medusa.

Although that was indeed called 'hunting', could she even finish eating the whole prey in one time? How was she going to keep it in a good state if she couldn't finish it? What does she eat besides girabbits? Does she eat.....humans?

Various questions started popping out in my head as my thoughts ran wild.

But Medusa didn't give me any time to think as the metal chains moved again.

Her hands pointing at the prey was an obvious gesture telling me to bring the food back to her.

“Today I’ll answer the question of whether humans are capable of moving rabbits of their size or not!”

Is what I wanted to say. But even a guy with as little common sense as me was able to deduce that a rabbit with the body size of a sow was not something that could be moved by a normal person.

But that was an ‘order’ from the Medusa. Even if I wasn’t capable of doing it, I had to let her understand.

Therefore, I ran towards the dead girabbit, held one of it’s legs, and tried to pull it with all of my strength. The pain of my muscles returned once again as it reminded me that I was nothing but a mere human.

Still, I had really moved the girabbit, though by only a few centimetres.

I looked at the Gorgon and laughed drily, hoping that she got the message that I wasn’t capable of such a feat. Sadly, she didn’t have an ‘I understand’ expression on her , but an unsatisfied one.

Is the humans in this world capable of carrying sows on their backs while running around? Don’t joke with me!

In the end, she used a rope that transformed from a snake to drag the body back to the cave.

En route, I came up with the idea of lying on the girabbit and save the trouble of walking back, though only for 2 seconds.

To be honest, I don’t know why I always liked to invite death by doing something reckless. No matter how dangerous the situation got, I have always had this frivolous attitude. Such a personality is bound to get me into trouble one of these days.

After returning to the cave, I had the chance to see a monster dismantle another, as if I was watching a horror show close-up. I felt sick in the stomach while watching the gory live-action dismantling of a corpse.

The random bits of innards and bones were disposed of outside the cave, as the pelt was spread onto the floor to be dried with it’s sides weighted down by stones. The meat from it’s back, legs as well as it’s necks were chopped and

assorted by it's type in a certain order.

To be honest, the scene in front of me was quite different than what I had imagined of a butcher slaughtering cows or goats. Maybe it was because butchers don't use a hatchet to dismantle the body of an animal.

What came next was mealtime. Raw meat of different shape and sizes were stacked on the spread-out girabbit pelt.

It actually looked kinda grandiose.

On a side note, compared to a real sow, the girabbit didn't really have much meat in it's body. With all those bits and pieces stacked together, it looked like it would roughly weight 50 pounds..

Although I had been hungry for more than a day already, after looking at the bloody pieces of raw meat, I couldn't even muster up one teeny bit of appetite.

Still, Sister Medusa looked like she had thought of something as she threw two pieces of the raw meat towards me.

From my point of view, I had to eat these two pieces of meat. From my stomach's point of view, it was better to eat those two pieces of meat, because hunger was the worst enemy of survival.

I forced myself to sit down and held up a piece of meat.....

It felt kinda slippery, yet it wasn't cold. As if it was raw meat.....

Bullshit! Isn't this just raw meat?!

It smelled horrible, so if I pinch my nose, I should be able to eat it.

If I were to give my opinion on it's taste, other than being hard to chew, there wasn't really anything worth mentioning.

When I bit it, liquid would gush out of it. Therefore, I had to spit out all the saliva in my mouth before eating it. It wouldn't be wrong to say that raw girabbit meat are not good for humans.

Still, after thinking about the worst food I had ever eaten in my whole life, swallowing the raw meat became much easier than before.

I didn't want to recall how I ate those two pieces of meat, but in the end, I felt

so full that I could have even been able to pick out the little pieces of meat stuck between my teeth.

As I was done with my share of meat, Medusa was still eating, albeit in a speed that was faster than me. By the time she would have finished eating, it would already be nighttime.

I suddenly remembered that some pythons could eat an amount of food equal to it's own weight, and then, they don't even require food for a month.

Considering her appetite and the speed at which she ate them at, she did kinda look like a snake. Maybe the Medusa in such a world was transformed from a snake?

Turning my head to face her, the yarn fabric on her hands and waist had been taken off. If I try to not look at her lower body and her hair, in front of my eyes, what could be seen was the gory scene of a barbaric girl consuming raw meat.

It could have been on a whim, or it's just me seeking death with recklessness again yet again, but I secretly took out my phone and pressed the camera icon.

"KaPi"

Maybe it was due to the sky turning dark, the flash had turned on by itself.

I don't know how fast the speed of the flash was. But It was certainly very fast.

I also don't know how fast the movement speed of a Medusa was. It's just as fast as the flash.

I was then pushed hard against the rocky wall, forced to smell that unbearable stench again, see her canine teeth with blood trails on it, and listening to a language I couldn't understand.

"Seilerezz¹!"

"Seiler...ezz?"

I blindly repeated her words. No, I didn't do that deliberately.

"Seilerezz!"

"Seiler...ezz?"

We repeated it. This reminded me of how the Japanese people kept bowing to

each other without stopping.

Although I knew later that that word meant 'Don't move', but I really didn't think of it as a language used by humans in that period of time.

A few snake-hairs of hers bared their thin sharp fangs at me, as my body trembled like a sieve being shaken. I could literally feel the chills going down my spine.

If her face was more ferocious-looking, I would have probably already wet my pants.

What happened next was something that felt like it was already planned.

My phone slipped from my hands and gave off a dull cracking sound as it hit the ground with a bounce.

It then splendidly turned half a circle in mid-air and had a nearly full marks landing.

The screen turned black as the flash looked like it must have been destroyed.

The Medusa who had immediately lowered her head to see it, didn't let her guard down, with the snake wrapped around my neck as proof of it.

A few moments later, she considered the destroyed phone to not be of a threat to her, and swiped it out along with the pebbles on the floor with that tail of hers.

That was when the snake around my neck let go of me.

With my back leaning against the wall, I felt much more calmer. Now that I think about it, it felt as if a god somewhere was helping me.

The phone couldn't pick up any signal, and its battery was bound to be exhausted anyways, so sacrificing it for my safety was well worth it.

Still, I had stifled my nose as I stared at the direction of where the phone flew for a long time on that day.

I sincerely paid my respects to my phone which had passed away in this strange world. R.I.P.

Footnotes:

1.塞勒斯. Optional: sailorest, sailerrezz, sailorass, seilerass

Chapter 4

Did you know that you were very heavy

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Anivyl

TLN: Warning! This chapter contains ahem scenes! Read at your own risk!

“Ah.....that time? My brain didn’t think properly nor did it remember anything about it. All I knew was that I had to keep doing it.”

At the *Nightfall Town*¹ bar, I was asked about what it felt like having sex with a monster and that was my response.

When night came, I finally had my first smoke in this world. It felt like that was the best smoke I have ever had..

Even if that Gorgon monster was staring at me with a mouth full of blood as soon as she had finished her meal.

“If you could understand my words, or vice versa, at least we could have a chat.”

Staring at the moon in the sky, I started mumbling to myself.

She, who have had her fill of food, was surprisingly sitting calmly just like a snake before hunting. Even the rustling sound that came from her hair has disappeared.

Still, it wasn’t important to me, because I can only depend on fate.

Maybe it’s because she had never seen a human smoke, she stared at me for a long time, making me feel a little embarrassed.

Adding to the discomfort created by the awkward silence, my frivolous heart

ached to do something stupid once again.

Her delicate and pretty face had many blood stains on it, some which had even coagulated, giving off a very dirty look.

Even if she had decided to have me as a dessert after her main course, I am still going to wipe that face of hers clean.

“Do the others like you eat in the same way as you do?”

I walked to the side of the small spring and wet my cuffs with it.

“In my imagination, Medusa was supposed to be a high-grade monster. So of course, I imagined that it’s eating habits were supposed to be graceful too.....”

Half-squatting in front of her, the distance between us was closer than ever before.

“Umm, this is my first time helping someone wipe their own mouth. Do tell me if I didn’t wipe it properly.....”

Helping a Medusa wipe her own mouth should be listed as one of the top 10 most dangerous jobs in the world, because more than 5 small snakes were glaring at my hands.

“Then, here I go.”

Raising my hand, my cuffs slowly neared her face as I tried my best to stop my hands from shivering.

With the wet cuffs between us, I felt Medusa’s face for the first time. When I did that, a few small snake heads licked my hand.

It would be a lie if I were to say that I wasn’t scared. I even felt like running away.

But then, since I have already said that I was going to do it, I couldn’t very well stop now.

Maybe it was due to the water being cold, she pulled her neck back a little.

I couldn’t see very clearly and shuffled myself closer.

As if I was playing a lottery scratch-off ticket, the bloodstains slowly disappeared as I wiped them off little by little.

"It isn't as dangerous as I expected it to be, huh~"

I said to myself as I wiped off the last stain beside her mouth.

.....

Actually, can I take back those words I've just said?

When wet, no matter which part of a woman's body, it would be very dangerous.

Especially those glistening lips of hers.

I gulped as I knew exactly what I was thinking, so I had to control myself.

Remember! That mouth had just ingested 50 pounds of raw meat. What's more, it reeked heavily with the bad stench of insects.. Furthermore, that is the mouth of a monster! What if a mind-controlling parasite came out of it? What if she became angry? What if.....

Heh, so many what ifs! If I really believed in those what ifs, I shouldn't even be here in the first place!

Who cares if I die? I can't even go back to where I came from anyways!

A heated feeling pestered me to move my face closer to hers. She could probably hear my ragged breathing.

My brain was completely blank, but there were intentions of closing the distance between that devil-like succulent lips of hers and mine.

.....

But in the end, I never kissed her.

My common sense stepped on the brakes of the lust train.

Helping a lady I just met to wipe her lips and then suddenly kissing her must be quite the *rude sexual harassment*².

I was willing to succumb to my desires, but I have a line that I cannot cross.

I don't know when I had started seeing 'her' as a woman, but stopping those thoughts had probably saved my life.

"Sorry.....if you understand what I'm saying."

Standing up, I walked to the entrance of the cave.

The cold night wind blew against my face, calming my heated body.

It was the right decision. I should really stop this frivolous attitude of mine.

But the things that happened next were completely out of my expectations. Or should I have said, it was impossible to expect?

Her agile body turned around and then her thin lips touched mine.

That kiss, was filled with the stench of raw meat.

What happened next was me backing off in a panic, slipping on something slippery that was probably a small piece of meat, and falling on my back onto the pelt.

Then, just like the movements of a snake, she quickly yet flexibly came to my side.

Even if my back was facing against the moonlight, I immediately realized that not only were her lips wet, her eyes were wet too.

Double the risk, double the profit? The basics of Economics that I learnt were definitely useless.

But since it has come to this, do I really have any other choice?

“If that was your first kiss, then I should definitely do something.”

Straightening myself, I looked up and stretched my hands into the head full of snakes, putting my hands onto the back of her head.

With my shivering hands, I pulled her head near mine and kissed her without a moment of hesitation.

But no matter how intense our exchange of the tongues was, her body temperature was still cold.

If you are a woman, then I am a man; If you are a female, then I am a male. After helping each other to take off the clothes and fetters, her body started swaying around.

Perhaps, she wanted to wrap around me? Snakes are cold-blooded animals, so she should like warm things just like any snake would.

At first, it felt somewhat cold, just like a corpse. Slowly, I grew used to it. It didn't matter if it was the agile tail that made me feel kind of scared, or the smooth skin that could make my hands grow addicted to it.

Thoughts about monsters, snake or the horrible stench had been selectively forgotten by my brain. All I could feel was the magma of desires bursting forth from every pore of my body.....

Still, she really was heavy. Just that tail alone must have weighed around 100 pounds. Adding the 50 pounds of meat from before, and.....ah, let's not count anymore.

The most serious problem was, snakes mate for a long time.....

While having such random thoughts, my mind slowly began to blank out. Let's just slowly sink in the whirlpool of the monster's lust.....(TLN: *Unsure*,索性就随着魔物魅惑的漩涡这么沉下去吧)

.....

When I woke up the next day, it was already afternoon. After wearing my underwear, I sat at the entrance of the cave, shirtless and smoking.

I couldn't remember how long we were at it, as I didn't have my phone anymore. Still, it must have been at least two or three hours, because now, I could feel the discomfort all over my body.

She slept very soundly, so even if I ran away now, I wouldn't be discovered. However, I chose to sit at the cave entrance, lighting the second cigarette and listening to the rustling sound of the tree leaves.

Living here with a Medusa may not seem like a bad idea at all, but the consumption of raw meat just had to stop.

When the number of cigarette butts on the floor grew to 3, she finally woke up.

The scattered sunrays shone into the cave from the entrance.

That cute bleary face of hers had completely conquered my heart. Maybe it was due to her lower body being covered by a pelt, or maybe it's because her upper body was just too perfect for a human.

I gave her a present called a ‘smile’, because I wasn’t sure about what kind of expression I should have shown her.

“Did you know that you were very heavy?”

Footnote:

1. ~~夜幕镇酒吧~~ literally means Nightfall Town Bar. ~~Sounds super stupid, so I’m going with pinyin naming here. Do tell me if you prefer eng names or pinyin names. Using Nightfall Town, since you plebs can’t take pinyin naming.~~

2. Untranslatable pun. 非常不礼貌的行为 means ‘a very disrespectful action’, while 非礼 means molesting/sexual harassment. Author uses the 非 and 礼 in (非)常不(礼)貌的行为 as a pun to make the word 非礼.

Chapter 5

Black Merchant Caravan

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Anivyl

TLN: Seems like this web novel has been garnering quite a bit of publicity now...I feel embarrassed! >w<

“Black merchants are one of the most important people in this world. Without them, the living standards of monsters would never advance, and the future of the kingdoms would be lost.” —I always emphasised the importance of black merchants to the shopkeepers.

Ever since that day, we passed the days so peacefully that even I myself was shocked. Even though there were many things that I couldn't do, as well as many things that I wasn't used to, I still accepted that kind of life.

The most awkward thing was the language that she speaks sometimes, and the Chinese that I mumble to myself. They were totally different.

Even though we couldn't understand each other, we still wanted to say something.

Other than that, there was the problem of salt. It was fine to live without sugar, but it was impossible to live without salt. Until I had a steady source of salt, I had to resort to licking the sweat from my body or drinking the blood of the animals.

If I continued to live like that, I would really become an insect myself.

Though due to the language barrier, I couldn't express my needs to anyone. Still, there were always opportunities, for example, black merchant caravans.

Based on my records, it was the 5th day for me since I arrived into this world.

When I was overcome with boredom, I sat at the entrance of the cave, thinking

about how could I get the chance to eat cooked meat smeared with salt, learn the language of this world, or even buy a pack of cigarettes.

At that very moment, a long, rhythmic blare of a clarion came from the foot of the mountain.

She was the one who moved first— —She tightened the bowstring on her Turkish bow, wore her arrow quiver, and put on a black cloak.

Next, she went into a pitch-dark cave. Though I wasn't allowed to enter the cave without her permission, I had already guessed that the cave was where I was bound and kept earlier.

I wasn't so stupid that I wanted to destroy the trust I had painstakingly established between us anyways.

In the time that it took for me to finish a cigarette, she finally came out with a small bag in her hands. Just from looking at the tied-up bag, I could see that it was filled with some kind of coins. Other than spending it on regular expenditures, there wasn't really any other use for it.

I didn't really believe that Medusa would put the money in a bank.

What happened next was that she tossed the bag to me.....

Eh?

At that time, I didn't know that the amount in that bag was, in actuality, a very large sum of money. The only question in my mind was 'why would she give the money to me'.

Her cold hand held my forearms, which probably meant that she wanted to go out.

On the road, I, who was sensitive to bodily contact, slowly held on her forearms, moving little by little to her hands, until our fingers were finally deeply intertwined with each other.

Why was I the only one with the accelerating heartbeat?— —were my thoughts at that time.

Soon, we reached a trail at the foot of the mountain.

Although I had been to a village market before, the scale of the black merchant caravan group really shocked me.

A line of black carriages which I couldn't even see the end of! The total number of the carriages would easily be over 50! Spreading across the side of the road, each wagon was either covered with a black cloth or had a black canopy propped over it.

Just like Medusa, the customers were clad in black cloaks too, whilst the merchants all wore the same black top hats.

In that kind of scenario, the only things that had different colours were the merchandises on the shelves.

If I were to talk about the difference between a village market and the black market, then it had to be the creepy silence here.

It was as if the actions people made while purchasing did not require any exchange of words. The only sound that could be heard was the clear clinking sound of coins.

"Is this the legendary black market?"

I couldn't help but sigh.

After following her to the lead carriage of the Black Merchants, as if to show this place off to me, we slowly sauntered from there.

The lead carriage was pulled by three horses, making me feel happy to see animals that were the same as the ones in my world.

I even thought of touching the horse's mane, but immediately gave up on the idea when I saw the tame horse baring its beautiful fangs at me.....

Other than having a few more horses than the other wagons, the lead carriage's body had a plaque with a picture of a black sun painted on it.

The second carriage only had a small window, with a plaque hanging on the outside. On it was an easily understood illustration of the worth a gold coin, in silver coins, done in chalk.

Of course, I couldn't understand the drawing, but it feels like it was not a small sum of money. Looking at the yellow gold coins in the bag (if they are really gold

coins), I couldn't help but feel like I was acquainted with a millionairess.

As a Medusa, she must have some plundered treasure, right?

From the third carriage onwards were the booths for merchant to sell things. In the booths, there were things ranging from spices to axes and even shields.

It looked like we could get everything we wanted today from there..

.....

"Where is this weird pressure coming from?!" I muttered in my heart.

Ever since I arrived here, an uncomfortable feeling accompanied me— — whenever I lowered my head, it felt like everyone was staring at me, when I raised my head, they would quickly look away.

"The hell you looking at. Never seen a human who had passed through from another world?"

"Is Medusa finding a human boyfriend a rare occurrence?"

.....

Uh, fine, this is actually kinda rare.

But please stop staring at me. Aren't those cloaked customers monsters too? At least I am human!

Talking about humans, the merchants were all made up of humans. Unfortunately, they couldn't understand English nor Chinese, because when I was buying salt, saying 'how much' or '*duoshaoqian*' proved to be useless.

As expected, language was an important factor. Regardless of which language, if I could at least learn one of them, I would be able to communicate with the people of this world.

Thus, after buying salt, I held her hands and pulled her to a booth that seemed like it was selling books.

It was also at that time that I bought books and pencils, or else it would have been impossible to remember these stories with just my brain *alone*².

Regarding the purchase of books, whenever I thought back about it, it was the

first 'intellectual boom' I had since coming to this world.

Considering the fact that the one communicating with me everyday was Medusa, the one who was holding my hands, it could be said that I would have to leave all the teaching to her.

As someone with no knowledge of the language, I chose the thickest book with the most illustrations. Even in a different world, the way books are set up shouldn't differ very much.

The thicker the book was, the more information it would hold. The higher the number of illustrations were in a book, the easier it would be to understand the content.

Thus, the plan of using illustrations to learn the language from her was formed in my head.

After an hour or so, the number of customers gradually decreased. I started counting the gains today—2 big sacks of things.

A spice that tasted just like salt, some other spices that were popular, two sets of cheap clothes, shoes made of linen, a book, pencils, and a bunch of stuff that looked useful but I was not sure how they were used .

Looking at what we bought, we had spent around 4 gold coins, with a change of 21 normal coins. These normal coins weren't made of gold, and each side had something designed on it. On one side, there was a signet relief, and on the other side, there was a cameo portrait.

This currency was probably widely used in some country or, probably, even within this world. Further to that, if I am to think about it simply, it would be easy to recognise that a gold coin is worth more than 21 normal coins.

Oh my god, if I were to bring this bag of gold coins to the merchant's city, I could become a '*big shot*³'!

Hold on. Relax. The feeling on my hands reminded me of the cloaked woman beside me.

Perhaps, as I was overly excited, I had forgotten that the person who had given me this chance was her.....

For a moment there, I even felt like I wasn't worthy of holding her hands.

She, who had been quietly by my side this whole time, watched a normal human, whom she had met mere 5 days ago spend her money.

I used to be a man who could be cruel and cold when it came to money.

But at that very moment, in this foreign world, I decided to change myself.

Seeing that the caravans had not left yet, I threw down the sackful of purchases and ran towards the only merchant selling accessories.

When I returned, panting heavily, there was a necklace that cost me 20 gold coins in my hands—the necklace that I found to be the most special and beautiful of them all.

Opening the hood of her cloak, under the inconceivable gazes of those around us, I put the necklace around her neck.

“Sorry. This is the only thing that I can do for you right now.”

In front of her surprised face, I blurted out those words in Chinese. Then, like how they did it in television dramas, I hugged her tightly.

It had been a long time since a weird rumour about ‘the weird man with Medusa’ started spreading in *town*⁴.

Footnotes:

1。多少钱=*duoshaoqian*=how much

2。Is that the 4th wall I heard breaking?

3。Original word was 大手子, a slang used in north-eastern China, meaning bigshot/important.

4。城镇 can mean either town or city.

Chapter 6

A changing life

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ruzenor, Anivyl

TLN: 50th blog post. Woooo.

“Veddori.¹”

“Veddori.”

“Yes.”

“What about this?” I asked while pointing at a picture of people having a feast.

Using this simple yet effective learning technique for three days, I had already remembered more than 100 pronunciations of terms.

Although I had done that through writing them down in Chinese and English homophones.

If I had put the same amount of effort during my college entrance exams, I could have scored a little over 140 marks for my English test.

Still, my English wasn't that bad in the first place and it proved to be useful since there were many words I could speak using English homophonics.

If this continues, then I should be able to have a simple conversation with her as well as the other humans in about a month's time.

Thinking about it, I couldn't help but feel a little excited.....

On the other hand, the food situation had a major improvement. Although it was still girabbit meat, I had it cooked by roasting.

Using a few stones to make a simple stove outside the cave, I cut the meat into small pieces and skewered them. Then, after smearing salt and other spices on it, I placed the skewers over the fire.

The sizzling sound of the fats dripping onto the fire really made me hungry.

Unfortunately, the taste of the roasted meat wasn't as good as I had expected. The difference between meat roasted using charcoal, and meat roasted using fire was just too great. Not to mention the wooden skewers would actually catch on fire.

If only I had some cooking utensils, like a pot.....Mhmm, let's add that to the list of 'things I have to get in the future'.

Now, it's time to eat.

"Eat?" (Medusa)

She asked me softly as I tried to start a cooking fire with my lighter and firewood

"Yes, eat."

"Ok." (Medusa)

With my current level of language abilities, we could only have a simple conversation like that.

"You, eat?"

"Ah, no. No eat." (Medusa)

"Yes. Ok."

Even if it was just a simple question of whether we were eating together or not, I still had to resort to using hand gestures.

While I was lighting the fire, I recalled the day I helped her put on a necklace. After doing something that jaw-dropping, I still had a smug smile on my face. Maybe it reflected my *idiocy*²?

Of course, she, who was being hugged tightly by me, had blanked out for 3 seconds, and then immediately wriggled out from my arms. Then, with the sack containing our shopping in one hand, and dragging me with the other, we went back to the cave.

Is this what they call, '*Being cool for only 3 seconds*³'?

Still, it was my first time seeing Medusa's embarrassed expression. Even

though she didn't blush, she told me off while avoiding my gaze.

Yup, she was embarrassed all right.

Later, she denied the notion that she was embarrassed. But I still felt that she was definitely embarrassed.

.....

Occasionally, I would think about the relationship between the two of us. But since doing so was pointless, I just let the days pass on peacefully.

There was nothing bad about making food everyday, washing clothes, reading a book, and then learning another language.....

...My ass! I want to surf the net! I want to eat rice! I want to use a proper toilet with a toilet bowl! I want to sleep on a clean and comfortable bed, not on a smelly piece of animal pelt!

Ugh.....whatever.

Flush toilets aside, I had to work my ass off just to light up a small fire. Oh, it's on fire!

The flames flickered around endlessly just like waves, as I placed the skewered meat over the fire.

As I had already tasted the evil cuisine that is charcoal flavor, tree bark flavor, smoke flavor as well as sand flavor, I hope that this attempt would be tasty.

While the meat was roasting, I revised the words that I had learned.

"Mai ge⁴ means greetings."

"Mai Nita⁵ means farewell....."

"They don't mean hello and goodbye, so it should be used as polite language?"

"Ugh, this language is just too profound."

While I was mumbling to myself, my elbows touched something soft.

It felt like it had a fabric over it, so it's probably her boobs.

Turning my head, Medusa was staring at the small notebook in my hands with interest.

“Mai ge!” Might as well use what I’ve learned.

“Hey.....”

She still had a very charming smile on her face.

I am not sure when this started, but she has become gentler.

“Uh.....eat?”

“No eat.”

Am I stupid? Clearly, I had already asked that question, so what the hell was I doing?! Even if I had to find something to talk about, at least think before opening your mouth, me!

“.....Ok.”

Perhaps I have misunderstood it, but she laid her body against me. Well, it felt like her tail was coiled around my body.

“Gotta.....flip it over.....”

I said it in Chinese as I moved my body forward to flip the two skewers over.

“.....”

Her tail coiled around me again, but this time, just below my knees.

Snakes are cold-blooded animals, so that must be the case. I tried to convince myself to not think otherwise

Still, it’s afternoon now! It’s not even cold!

Feeling the two meatballs pressed against my back, I tried to change my posture and put my hands around her waist. If it’s about her body temperature, then it’s true that hers was a little lower than mine.

Meh, I’ll just let her lie against me. At least, it makes me much calmer than when her breasts are pressed against my back.

The awkward silence had befallen upon us once again.

It was hard to put focus on the fire and the cooking meat, with my ears being constantly licked by the small snake-hairs of hers.

Without thinking, I had stolen a few glances at her face.

Despairingly, she had been staring hard at my face the whole time.

When the meat was finally done, I swallowed my saliva as I moved my body to retrieve it from the fire. However, my legs were bound tightly by something soft yet strong.

I grew nervous as my body grew more sensitive.

“About that⁶.....the meat... should be ready.”

Because I could only say that in Chinese, I tried to convey the message to her by pointing my hands toward the stove.

Very good, the coils around my legs had started to loosen.....by only one round.

I still didn't dare to act willfully. Suddenly, the part of her tail that had loosened skillfully passed a skewer of cooked girabbit meat to me.

Why do I sense that I have 'lost this round'.....

In the second round, the only choices I had were: Whether to use my hand to take that stick of meat from her or not.

I was panicking, because, at this moment, there was a chance of me being teased by her Although it could also just be her showing good intentions.

Perhaps, as I was teased regularly by others in the past, I had been slightly traumatized.

Thus, I did what I felt was smart at that time, but I realized later that it was a really stupid move— —I used my hands to gently touch her tail.

There was a unique feeling to the smooth scales, as my hands greedily discovered every nook and cranny of her tail while reaching towards the skewer at the end of her tail.

Suddenly, her tail escaped from my hands. Relying on my decent reflexes, I had still managed to grab hold of the skewer.

However, my legs were still bounded by her tail.

What is this frustrating feeling? Aren't mealtimes meant to be happy?

Taking the meat off from the burnt stick, I realised that it had a charcoal smell

to it. The gray-brownish meat had beautiful tissue patterns on it, making the me who is famished impatient to eat it.

Biting down, it had a little taste of blood in it, though I was already used to it. Since it was such a rare chance of the meat being roasted successfully, I believe I can call this attempt a success.

While I was eating, I looked at her. My mysterious yet powerfully frivolous heart ached to do something stupid which I was bound to regret later.

I held the half-eaten piece of meat towards her.

“A little, eat, good.”

This was the limit of my language mastery. What I wanted to say was ‘Try it, it’s good.’

“Ah.”

After showing a slightly shocked expression, she moved her mouth closer to the piece of meat in my hand. It was just as I expected.

“Ha!”

Just like I was teasing a small child, I retracted my hands.. Haha, so even the legendary Medusa would get teased by me.....

“Uh, I’m sorry. I am really sorry. I won’t do it again.”

Beside her raised eyebrows, those small snakes on her head were baring their fangs and making intimidating hissing sounds.

This made me understood something: So even if I’m in as ‘intimate’ relationship with a Medusa, I was still not allowed to tease her. Maybe monsters don’t understand the playful relationships between human couples?

I obediently put my hands near her mouth and watched as she slowly ate the roasted meat.....and then my fingers.

Fingers.....

As she was sucking on my fingers, the blood in my body flowed so fast that it felt like my brain was going to explode. I sucked a large amount of air into my lungs in order to provide oxygen to my heart that was beating uncontrollably.

The saliva on my fingers were not crystal clear like those in adult videos, it just felt wet.

But that didn't matter anymore, because I was using my tongue to lick her smooth and white neck.

Succumbing to my desire to touch every place I wanted, my body temperature slowly invaded hers.

.....

If I were to give an advice to a newbie that just arrived into this world, all it would be is to try to stay as far away as possible from a Medusa. This monster surely knows some sort of Charming Magic, or at least it happens to be super effective on me.

Footnotes:

- 1。维托里. Optional: Weituoli, Weiddoli, Veddoli, Veitoly
- 2。Originally 傻缺, a slang used in north-eastern China
- 3。帅不过三秒. A term used by the Chinese ACG community, meaning those side characters that were only there for joke purposes suddenly show or do positive appearance or actions during a critical or non-critical moment, then revert back to normal after a short while
- 4。麦咯. Optional:, Mygel, Mai ger
- 5。麦妮塔.Optional: Mynita
- 6。Originally 内啥, a slang used in northern China.

Chapter 7

Medusa's treasures

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ruzenor, Anivyl

When I think about a monster hoarding tons of treasures, what comes to mind would be an evil dragon. But in front of me, was a Medusa who was displaying a big pile of treasures as if she was flaunting it.

To call it 'a big pile', would be exaggerating it a little. It actually was, just a meter square at most.

Other than some bags that were already filled with gold coins, there were also variety of Ancient European style of accessories ranging from the smallest brooch to a large crown.

The most eye-catching amongst them all was a '*Great Jewelled Sword*'.

The wide blade reflected the light as if it was a mirror, and it's hilt had metal adornments on it. What caught my attention the most, was the large green emerald embedded into the sword hilt.

If such a sword was put up for an auction, wouldn't it's worth be over a few millions?

I tried to hold the sword.....Hmm, while I was able to hold it up, but it's weight was somewhat dissatisfying.

If held with only one hand, it would neither be possible to use any sword techniques nor hack things with it.

And if both hands were used, all that I was capable of doing was to hack things with it.

Did that mean that the humans in this world were actually capable of carrying sows on their backs while running around?

.....

Don't give me that bullshit! There is a limit to how far logic can be exceeded! Furthermore, those black merchants didn't look like they were capable of even wielding these kind of swords around.

Anyway, regarding these eye-catching treasures, I was actually more curious about how they came into her possession.

"These...err...how?"

"Oh. These are.....hmm.....gotten from the past."

In response to my question, she tried to convey her message to me in a way that I can easily understand.

After a week of language learning, which happened to be quite effective, I was capable of holding such a level of conversation with her that I didn't think I would have been able to have before.

"War.....past?"

"No, it's.....nnn....."

When I couldn't understand what she was saying, she would try her best to explain by using actions and gestures. Like now, she was putting a ring in my hand, and then taking it back.

Did that mean plunder?

In my mind, the following scenario appeared: A distinguished adventurer party came to the cave in order to subjugate Medusa, but were turned into stone instead. Thus, the adventurers' equipments became her trophies.

Monsters are so strong! To be able to live together with a monster, I must also be very strong!

"You, very good!"

I didn't know know the term for 'very strong', so that was the only way i could praise her strength.

"Ah?"

Although she may not have understood my words, she still gave me a slight

smile.

Meh, there's something more important than that. Rather than selling these treasures to the merchants, it would be better to.....

The shiny tablewares ,and the scissors with golden edges looked like they were used by the wealthy. Since they couldn't serve their original masters anymore, I might as well take ownership of them.

Oh right, there's that 'Great Jewelled Sword' too. I couldn't hope to use it as a means of self-defense, but it seems to be suitable as a tool for cutting trees.

After picking out items that were useful, we moved the treasures back into the cave. Incidentally, the cave was very dark, as well as narrow, so both of us moved in a weird way—me holding the end of her tail as she led the way.

An indescribable feeling surfaced in my heart as, a week before this, I was dragged on the floor of this narrow cave.

The relationship between the two of us has really changed. Although I had no idea what her motive was in tying me up at the beginning, I could only describe myself as lucky for the recent developments.

I didn't possess any kind of magical abilities, nor did I have overly powerful physical abilities. To be able to live with a Medusa for more than a week, shouldn't I be getting some kind of achievement or something.

Such as, a Medusa's blessing?

In the eyes of a normal person, to live together with a monster, and even had sex with her, I must look like a lunatic. However, I feel that I have only made the best choices right from the start.

The me who was thinking that 'it would be okay as long as I get to live', was leisurely hugging a Gorgon beauty in one arm while eating roasted meat on the other side.

Talking about roasted meat, I came up with another weird idea.

After making a fire in the stove, I put the 'Great Jewelled Sword' over the fire and put sliced pieces of meat on the flat side of the blade.

It's done! 'Great Jewelled Sword' meat grill Mk.1!

That was just my imagination. When I seriously tried to do that, many problems arose: the blade heated slowly; the meat got stuck on the blade; or the whole sword became too hot to handle.....

But the wisdom of humans were equally great, and, in the end, that sword was rendered into an axe as well as a BBQ tool.

The knife and fork, which looked like they were made from silver, became my tableware. Although I hoped that she use cutlery too, she hadn't even had a second meal.

The small pair of scissors were very suitable for cutting animal pelt. Oh, and the brooch that had many precious stones embedded on it? I broke the pin behind it and used it as a toothpick.

Hey, don't accuse me of wasting precious treasures. You have to understand that wearing that brooch wouldn't increase my comfort levels anyway.

Thus, those items that could be used were put to use. I didn't ask about her pile of treasures again. Since they were plundered treasures, they must have quite a bit of history behind them. When I get a better grasp of this world's language, I would then ask her about it.

"Let's eat!"

Hearing my call, she slithered to my side with her tail.

Although we called it eating together, she just leans on my side, waiting to be fed like some kind of a Play. But still, it looked like she was enjoying it, so I just let her be.

After smearing the fat from the animal skin onto the blade, I wiped my fingers on my shirt (don't call me dirty, the treasures didn't come with tissues). While waiting for the sword to heat up, I opened a thick book to learn from her.

There was a time when I suspected whether or not the language she was speaking was of this world. But after seeing her read out the words on the book fluently, all that a noob such as myself could do was to believe in her.

Other than relying on the book, there was also another fast way to learn the language. If I didn't know the name of an item, I would bring it to her and ask her

how to pronounce it. For example, I have already committed to memorize the words for animal pelt, stone, axe and short bow.

Unfortunately, the number of things in the cave were just too few, and there were many words and terms that were impossible to describe using items or gestures.

Furthermore, no matter how thick the book was, there would still be a limit to what it can teach. It was inevitable for the book's contents to be completely learned by me one day. By then, I'll have to resort to other ways to learn the language.

Later on, I found out that the book's name was [Chronicles of the Kingdom], a famous book that was written with highly intellectual monsters as its target audience.

While I was thinking about that, the meat was finally ready. Piercing the slice of meat with a fork, I put it in my mouth. The taste was so much better than roasting with skewers. The weird taste of tree bark was gone and the meat was cooked evenly.

After seeing her shocked face as soon as she tried it, I was deeply motivated.

I did inherit the blood of a chef from my father after all. Thinking back, my father who worked as a chef in a 5-star hotel had taught me how to prepare dishes.

Even if I was in a different world, I was still capable of making good dishes!

Ah, I digressed. The next time when the black merchant caravan comes to town, I'll see if I'm able to buy a pot or something. Still, Chinese dishes and roasted meat don't really have much relation, huh.....

I could fill my stomach quickly with just eating meat, but I had to eat a lot at a time. As the girabbit meat could only be kept fresh for 3 days at the very most, 'To maximise the use of limited resources' became my reason to binge.

"Ah~Mealtime is the best." I exclaimed while picking my teeth.

Still, my stomach was very full, so I felt like going out for a walk. I wondered if she would have the same idea.....

“Err...how do I say it.....walk? We go for a walk?”

While saying those words awkwardly, I used my fingers to make walking gestures .

“Wa...lk?”

It felt like the snakes in her hair had also made weird expressions.

“Yep!”

This time, allow me to hold your hand as we walk together through this strange land.

There was nothing happier than holding the hand of the one you care the most about while strolling in a forest. For each person, there must be something more precious than treasures to them.

At least in my case, she had become the only one I could depend on. No matter what the future holds for us, I would stay by her side until the end.

Footnotes:

1.Originally 大宝剑. Great Big Sword sounds stupid af, so if you think there's a name better than Great Jewelled Sword which sounds stupid af too, leave a comment.

Chapter 8

Outside the cave

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ruzenor, Anivyl

“Living here was like trying to survive in the wilderness. Although I wasn’t ‘*Bear Grylls*’, I was still alive. Also, I wanted to improve our living conditions.” — In my diary, on the entry for the 11th day, I wrote this goal down.

I haven’t really seen much of the environment outside the cave. Since we were going out for a walk, I used this opportunity to explore the scenery around the cave.

The first thing was positional recognition. In a situation where not much is known about this world, the simplest way to explore it was by setting your own house as the point of origin, and memorize the environment around it.

I decided that the direction the cave entrance was facing would be considered ‘North’. A place that I have walked through before, taking 300 steps into the thick vegetation would lead me to a large thicket. After which would be the foot of the mountain near the plains.

Furthermore, there was a trail at the foot of the mountain.

Then, let’s start exploring from the East, where, coincidentally, we first hunted for girabbits. While maintaining the appearance of taking a stroll, I committed the geographical layout of the area into my memory.

“This, what is this called?”

I pointed at a red fruit that was hanging off a tree and asked her.

“Oh, this, Holica.”

“Holica?”

“Yes. Holica.”

Although I suspected that I have heard it wrongly, why did it feel like if I ate that fruit I would be full of *vigor*²?

“Oh....then, eat, can?”

“Can, maybe.”

She had a very understanding look on her face..

Hey, which is it? Could I or couldn't I!?

The red fruit was the size of a crabapple and had a smooth surface. Though, it looked like the type of fruit that grows singularly on each branch. It looked like it was edible, with the skin having such a bright and attractive colour, one could already imagine the taste to be deliciously sweet and sour..

Still, I knew that it may not be edible as it seemed.....

I knew it. Even though I knew it, I still plucked one of the fruits.....

“Me, eat?”

“Yes, eat. Hehe.....”

What's so funny about me eating a fruit?! Or are you messing with me, knowing that this fruit wasn't edible?

Ugh, whatever. Since I had already plucked it, I might as well eat it. It didn't look like it was poisonous anyways. And if it was, she wouldn't let me eat it. At most, it would just taste bad.

The moment I took a bite out of it, the extreme sourness spread through my mouth. The fruit was even more sour than wild hawthorn, smelled like it was a mixture of white vinegar and freshly mowed grass.

Even though it tasted like that, I still continued to chew on the flesh.

“Delicious?”

“Deli...uuu...”

I can't put up an act anymore. It feels like my whole face had *scrunched together*³, with my saliva dribbling uncontrollably out the side of my mouth.

I spat it out. If I had continued, it would be a threat to my life.

As I was trying to alleviate the sourness by breathing through my mouth, I watched her laugh so hard that even the little snakes on her hair were swaying wildly around.

Medusa, you are definitely like those gangsters who would deliberately pick on foreigners at a train station.

Sigh.....it doesn't really matter anyways. Didn't the *Divine Farmer*³ eat more than a hundred plants by himself? Compared to him, I would be nothing.

Wiping away my tears, I let on bitter smile——‘Taste bad, really taste bad’

“Hehe~” she laughed as she pulled my hands.

“Let’s go.”

If she was holding my hands to lead us, our speed of walking would be faster than when I’m holding hers. I didn’t like the feeling of being ‘dragged’ along by her.

However, I didn’t mind it this time, because I came upon the legendary Golden Fruit.

I’m sorry for giving it such a lame name. It’s just that I couldn’t think of anything more appropriate.

The fruit was so bright and yellow in colour that I could even feel the sunlight reflecting off it. With each of the fruit’s size being almost identical, it felt like a masterpiece.

Just by looking at it, one could already guess that it would be delicious——many small bugs were buzzing around clusters of the fruit.

She quickly plucked a bunch for me. There were only 15 fruits in a bunch, but it was as heavy as a regular bunch of grapes.

Putting one of it in my mouth, the liquid-like flesh flowed inside my mouth, releasing a musky fragrance that travelled into my nose.

The refreshing sweet and sour taste completely washed away the horrible sour taste that was lingering in my mouth. If God eats fruits too, this would definitely

be the most favoured one on the plate.

“This, what is the name of this?”

“Bolisnier Naca⁵”

“Bo...Bo what?”

“Bolisnier Naca. How is it, delicious?”

“Very delicious.”

While we were eating the bunch of Bo-something fruits together, I started recalling the road we had just came from. If my memory serves me right, we were walking towards the NorthEast area.

On a side note, there were only 5 trees that bore such golden fruits. It may be hard to find such trees in the future, so I committed the surrounding area into my memory, for good measure, before continuing with our stroll.

Once we were out of the forest, we discovered that the entire Northside was covered with shrubs. It was impossible to finish the walk through it today. However, from that, I could tell that the mountain's shape is curved.

After mulling over the distance, we started walking towards the West.

Compared to walking through countless shrubs, I would rather walk through a forest. After all, being unable to see much around your legs was something to be terrified of.

Also, I wouldn't get lost if I walk along the edge of a forest and the shrubs.

Although chirping sounds could be heard from the forest, I rarely saw any birds, with the sole exception of a sparrow-like bird that has yellow feathers.

After walking in the shade of the trees for about half an hour, I finally spotted a small stream, which, to me, resembles a small river. Based on my geographical knowledge, this river, which originated from the top of the mountain, should have been formed from melted snow.

The water should be very cold, and, based on the above deduction, the mountain should be very high.....

Actually, that was no educated deduction, I just randomly guessed it.

Though the water was genuinely cold.

Squatting near the river, I tried a mouthful of the water. It was somewhat better than the spring water back at the cave.

Following the river North, I discovered that the river was coursing towards the west. It was possible that there were many similar small rivers along the mountainside, eventually merging into a bigger river further downstream.

Still, the water was really clear. I could even vaguely see the reflection of my face. Hmm, my hair was getting long, and it had been some time since I shaved. My glasses was still firmly attached to my face.

Uhh.....I know that your face is far more beautiful than mine, but please don't lean on my back. My center of gravity will.....

"Hmm? What you looking at....." she asked with a giggle.

"Uhh, I....."

"Ah!"

"This!"

With a big splash, we both fell into the river. Even though I wasn't being reckless at all, why did this have to happen?! Don't you have any awareness of your own body weight!?

In the ice-cold river, the first thing I did was to make sure that my glasses were still on my face, and then I quickly returned to the shore with her. I'm pretty sure no one likes having an Ice Bucket Challenge for an extended period of time.

Under the setting sun, a human and a Medusa could be seen hugging each other, shivering in each other's arms.

This was just too damn cold. As a North-Eastern Chinese, I should just admit that I have lost to this cold.

Besides, it should be reasonable that I am shivering from being cold, why are you, a Medusa, shivering too?!

"Cold."

I, who had limited vocabulary, could only repeat that word again and again.

“So cold.”

Even she, who had a better grasp of this language than me, could only mutter a word more than me.

I felt very uncomfortable with the wet clothes sticking to my body. Once I thought about how she is also soaked to the bones, I can't help but feel like I was hugging an explosive item that can easily blow up on me at any time.

However, at that very moment, we were very '*calm*⁶'.

In the North West direction from the cave entrance, there was a small river that could freeze a person to death. Yep, got it.

.....

By the time we returned to the cave, night had already fallen. After changing into clean set of clean clothes, both of us didn't hesitate to bundle ourselves with three layers of animal pelt.

Screw memorizing the layout of the terrain. All I want to do now is have a nice and warm sleep.....

Footnotes:

1.Edward Michael “Bear” Grylls is a British adventurer, writer and television presenter. He is widely known for his television series Man vs. Wild, originally titled Born Survivor: Bear Grylls in the United Kingdom.

2.Yet another untranslatable pun. Originally name for Holica is 活力卡, and 活力 means vigor.

3.Imagine [this](#).

4.Shennong(A.K.A Divine Farmer) is a man who taught the ancient people of China agriculture, which he himself researched, by eating hundreds of plants and even consuming 70 poisons in one day.

5.Originally 波利斯涅尔、那卡。

6.Untranslatable pun. 冷静 means calm, and, 冷 means cold,

Chapter 9

Homesick

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ruzenor, Anivyl

Special thanks to [Razorace](#) for helping me out with this! Do spam him for me!

I have always wanted to copy the main character in [Robinson Crusoe], who, in the later partsof the story, reared livestocks and farmed crops.

But reading something and doing something were, in reality, two completely different things.

Those of you who had practiced agriculture before should be very aware of this: tending to a land is no walk in a park.

For example, clearing a piece of land. Simply chopping down a few trees would take a few hours. One would still need to plow the land, calculate the area of the land, and also research the suitability of the plants for the region.

For five days, we were searching for crops that would not only be able to cultivate here, but also easy to grow and quick to mature. And, most importantly, it has to be edible.

Now that I think about it, I am really kind of impressed with myself, I have dared to eat anything I have encountered so far.

The first plant that I felt was edible was something that looked like a Mimosa plant. it didn't taste too bitter, and there were a lot of it nearby. However, it had two rather severe drawbacks: firstly, on the back of the leaves were these weird white hairs; secondly, the stem was too hard to chew. The first caused me to lose my appetite and the second made me give up.

The second plant I tried was a plant with very large leaves and was quite similar to the pakchoi plant t, but was very bitter.. Most of its bitter taste was

concentrated at its leaves, the stems were crunchy, though it was somewhat edible. I'll consider it as an alternative for now.

We're still in the process of searching for a third type.....

"Could it be that there is not a single tasty plant in this forest?"

I sighed as I laid my back heavily against the animal pelt behind me.

As I haven't eaten any vegetables for a while, my breath smelled awful. After all, there was also no way for me to brush my teeth.

"Plop."

Something was thrown at my body.

"Back?"

"Yes. This thing, should be edible."

Medusa, who was holding a girabbit by its neck in one hand, said that while looking down at me.

I held it up and examined it. From the looks of it, it was a carrot sized plant that looked like a miniature version of a yam. There were lots of leaves and its cylindrical roots were likely to have substantial nutritional value.

"Girabbit was eating , so I brought back."

Indeed. Upon examining the leaves, some girabbit's saliva could be seen.....

The roots of this thing could be eaten right? Or would I have to eat the leaves like a girabbit?

All in all, I should decide after tasting it. Carrying on the "Tiger" traits of North Eastern Chinese, I bit into its roots without any hesitation.

Crunch!

The crunchy "kacha" sensations travelled from my teeth to the auditory nerves in my ears.

It was unexpectedly good—what I actually meant was that it does not taste weird.

Judging from the starchy taste in my mouth, it should soften after roasting. If I

can cultivate this, it could become a decent crop.

The reason I put a lot of thought into the cultivation of food was because I was under the impression that there was no way for me to return to my world. But if I was given a chance to return, to reunite with my family and friends, I would still return at all costs.

At least, that's what I thought back then.

It's always best to prepare for the worst in everything. If I really can't go back to my own world, then I would have to live here. For a human who had almost no understanding of the world, and, with a Medusa who led a very different lifestyle than to humans, the most we could achieve was the life of where "the male tends to crops and the female *hunts*¹.

We might face many issues in the future, such as keeping ourselves warm during winter; finding ways to stay dry when it rains; and, should a day come when one of us falls sick, we would need to know how to care for each other.

Every time I thought about that, I felt so powerless. After all, the reason why I am clothed and fed was all thanks to her.

If there really was a chance, I'm talking about those one in a million type of chance, if I could bring her back with me, to the world where I belonged, I would take her to the best restaurant, to have the best meal. I would take her to the best cinema to watch a movie. I would take her to the best hotel for the night.

As someone who isn't well educated and cultured, these were the best things I could think of to do for her..

Watching her flawlessly slice open the girabbit's stomach, then removing its skin perfectly, I couldn't help but feel the urge to help her with something. Quietly walking to the messy pile of, what looked like, innards, I grabbed them and threw them away. I did the same with the bones, and, lastly, the head.

Preparing the girabbit was faster than I thought. Just like what I have seen before, the pieces of prepared meat were stacked on top of each other. Then, it was mealtime. If I remembered correctly, this was her second meal.

For some unknown reason, a heart rending pain surged. Simply from observing her eat the raw meat one mouthful at a time, I just felt really down.

For two people, who had such large differences in their lifestyles, how would they live together?

It wasn't just the lifestyle differences, they are also from completely different species.

While it looks like it's a life together, the reality is, we are completely independent of each other..

Maybe, even now we were all alone.

Pulling out the last cigarette I had in stock, I lit it up. I had originally planned to smoke it just before I am about to die, just as my final treat. But, right now, I was very much in need of a cigarette to maintain a calm frame of mind.

The pale, white smoke danced in front of my eyes as my tense expressions loosened up slightly. There wasn't actually any reason for my heart to ache. The only reason I felt uncomfortable was because a human's emotions could never vanish. For example, thinking of your parents, whom you've not seen for more than 10 days; and the close friends, whom you have planned to hang out with next Monday. Would they be worrying about me right now? My parents were probably so anxious that they weren't even able to sleep.....

I don't even know whether Medusa has parents or not, but if she had the same emotions as a human, she must be a lot tougher than me for being able live on her own for so long.

Why was I thinking of such things today? It might be because I've been here for a while. This would be the sixteenth day since I came to this world.

Even so, these emotions and feelings might be forgotten in the end. There were still many things that I had to force myself to accept. When I do, only then could change happen, albeit gradually.

'Get a grip' — Ever since the moment that I have chosen not to run away, I have carved my determination in my heart.

The cigarette burnt faster than I imagined. Looking at the red embers burning towards the cigarette butt, I couldn't help but remember a quirky wordplay: '*Cig's butt burn your hands, inhale twice*²'. As my classmate and I were poor, we had to work in a part time job in Beijing. The two of us even had to share one

packet of *Golden Dragon*², which we did so sparingly. (Though, those times times were definitely much more difficult than now)

If I had already survived those times, I could do so even now!

A speck of orange spark flew outwards along with my fingertip—Just wait, I'll make everything better.

Flipping the book open, I started immersing myself in the study of language.....

Till twilight, by the time the yellow rays of the setting sun covered the text on the book, it feels like my brain had also started to swell. Lying against the last remaining tree, that I haven't yet cut down, in front of the cave, I let my eyes feast upon the beautiful scenery of a sea of clouds..

“Lalalalalalala,lalalalala~”

“Oh little piece of cloud, drift slowly towards here~”

“Oh please just rest yourselves, just catch your breath for a while~”

“Oh, the flowers on the mountain, please bloom~, then I will come up the mountain~”

“So you have also come up the mountain, to see the mountain flowers bloom~”

Not sure why I sang Xu Huai Yu's 《Treading on Waves》 out. Probably because it was such an old song with a fast cheerful melody?

(TLN: Link for song [here](#). I suck at translating lyrics, but whatever.)

Silently, I could hear the sound of her humming along with me, a soft but clear female voice.

When I turned around to face her, who was already beside me, I found myself at her waist level.

“Like it?”

“Un.”

“Hehe, that's good.”

What is there to worry about? This was already my home.

Footnotes:

1.Kinda like a wordplay here. In ancient China, men would usually hunt for animals while the women would tend to crops. Here, author is playing with the word 男耕女猎, which the roles of the men and women were switched.

2.烟屁烫手, 猛嘅两口 is a famous quote in China often used by smokers, usually said when a smoker is tight on money and has to smoke sparingly. They would still suck the cigarette even though the flame has reached the cigarette butt. Smoking is VERY hazardous to your health, so don't smoke.

3.A brand of cigarettes in China.

Chapter 10

Paper Cranes in the Rainy Night

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ruzenor, Anivyl

“Three things to note: Keep yourself dry during rain; Keep yourself warm during winter; Maintain proper hygiene.” — —First page of the ‘Another World’s Diary’.

Personally, I liked the rain, because it gave me the feeling that romantic encounters were about to happen. Although I knew that it was nothing but a misconception, I still looked forward to a rainy day during summer.

In this world, too, I looked forward to the rain. I always felt wonderful whenever I listen to the sounds of raindrops pitter-pattering on the leaves in the trees.

And, on the twentieth day, the thing I looked forward to the most finally happened.

The afternoon sky was covered with large gunpowder-colored clouds as the wind blew fiercer than usual.

She was the first on to head to the entrance while I quickly put down my book and followed behind her.

“Rain is coming.”

“Un.”

After our short conversation, she became extremely busy. The animal pelts on the floor were hung up by her. When she ran out of places to hang them, the pelts were neatly folded into a pile. If the pelts weren’t sorted out, I wouldn’t have noticed that they were around 40 of them.

Although I didn’t know why she was doing this, I quickly lent her a helping

hand.

After the pelts were sorted out, we also arranged to bring the other stuff into the inner cave. I had somehow gotten used to calling the place, where the treasures were kept, as the “inner cave”.

The whole process was quite fast, though I was immediately covered with perspiration.

Next, we put the folded pelts at the highest part of the cave— —the place where we slept.

Highest part of the cave.....

I suddenly understood something.....

The hell! This cave was going to be flooded! It was definitely going to be flooded!

I couldn't imagine how the cave would look like when it was filled with water. But one thing was for sure, there would be no dinner tonight. Rather than worrying about that, I really wanted to ask her how she persevered through each flooding.

Nothing can stop the inevitable. Even Chairman Mao himself said *‘If it threatens to rain or your mother wishes to remarry, there is no way to stop them’*, so what can I do?

Pitter-patter

Rain fell noisily as I, who had been leaning against the wall at the entrance of the cave, got partially soaked. Since I have ran out of cigarettes, and I couldn't read any books, I casted my gaze at the bored Medusa.

“What’s the matter?”

“Rain...don’t like.”

She arched her tail up and hugged it with her arms, just like how a maiden would hug her knees, giving off a feeling of loneliness and gloom.

“Because water...come in?”

“Hah!”

I spread my body wide like the shape of the chinese word for big, ‘大’, in an attempt to block a part of the rain that was getting through. Unfortunately, my arms weren’t wide enough, and, furthermore, the raindrops quickly fogged up my glasses.

“How silly.” (Medusa)

“Hehe.”

I have managed to tease a little smile out of her. I’ve also discovered that the main reason the cave floods wasn’t due to the rain drops flying in. Rather, it’s because the cave floor juts out further than the cave’s ceiling, collecting a large amount of the rainfall from the top of the cave’s entrance. Furthermore, the cave’s floor isn’t completely flat. Instead, it slopes downwards from the entrance into the cave, making it possible for tiny streams of rainfall to sneak into the cave.

If that was the issue, then there’s a quick and easy solution to this. First, I need to make an *eave*². Although I didn’t know how to make one, it was fine as long as it can prevent water from dripping into the cave.

Next, we need to construct a door sill. The height of the door sill needs to be a little higher than the ground, and the gap between the floor and the door sill could be resolved by padding the gap with the pelts. As for the crafting of the door, that could be left for another time.

As I was being complacent about my ingenuity, the cave’s interior was already wet. I sat on the bed that was made out of two large stones and a stack of animal pelts.

Though, it’s not that I didn’t want to lie down on it, but that she had almost fully occupied the slightly small bed when she laid on it.

I didn’t know how long it rained, but after an hour or so, it stopped. By then, the sky had already turned dark.

Other than the reflections of a few things, the cave was filled with a grayish darkness. After some hesitation, I lit up a candle that I had previously bought from the black merchants.

As I only bought four of those candles, they were quite precious.

The candlelight was very beautiful, especially within the embrace of darkness. It felt like many happy things could be seen from the tongue of the flame with its distinct layers. A major part of the reason of human's persistence toward flames was probably due to their fear of the darkness.

We were bored, silently watching the candlelight while listening to the sound of the boring rain.

Suddenly, I remembered something and opened the journal I had on me. Tearing off a blank page, I made a small paper crane out of it.

"Eh."

"Un? What's the matter?"

"Look."

I showed her the paper crane that was placed on the back of my palms.

"Eh?!"

"Un.....look good?"

"Look good."

"Hehe."

"How you do it?"

Making a girl a happy with just a paper crane was certainly a stupid thing to do. After all, where in the world would you find a girl who would be happy over such an easily made paper crane?

But she was different. After all, Medusa wouldn't have origami making as a hobby.

Seeing her smile, I felt very relieved and comforted. Tearing another paper from the book, I held her hands and guided her, step by step, on how to fold a paper crane properly.

Unknowingly, she had, once again, tunneled into my arms, her smooth and cold skin touching mine in the process. If two people could touch each other like this when they were together, the feelings of anxiousness and worry would surely be chased away.

Following the paper creases, a small paper crane slowly took its shape. Once the wings were done, a look of joy could be seen on the candlelight-lit face of hers.

In her soft hands, the sight of the lone paper crane made me feel uncomfortable. I pointed my fingers at myself, and put the other paper crane in her hands.

“Let’s stay together, just like this.”

If I knew how to say the words above, I would have immediately spouted it all out. Sadly, I didn’t have such a good grasp of the language yet, so I couldn’t say it.

But at that very moment, even if I hadn’t said those words, she must have understood me.

It was her turn to look like she realized something, as she took the journal and pencil from me, and started drawing a mountain on a page. She then drew a circle at the mountainside and put the two paper cranes on it.

“Like this, Un.”

Uh, it means two paper cranes living in a mountain cave.....right?

“Ah, it’s raining.”

I sneakily drew some raindrops in the sky.

“Like this is no good.”

Her brows knitted into a frown as the small snakes in her hair pecked my face. Well, I guess it made sense. Paper cranes would be soaking wet and destroyed under the rain.....

“Then.....like this.”

I drew an eave at the mountain cave, meaning that the rain wouldn’t get us. I then drew a candle in the cave.

“Why not...like this, hehe.”

She took the pencil and drew a big sun in the sky.

Although she was a monster that people took as a symbol of darkness, she was

actually looking forward that much to a sunny day, huh. What did this Medusa who was showing such a pure and innocent smile on her face see in someone like me? Are monsters really that naive?

No, she wasn't naive in the slightest. Judging by her strict and careful actions since the very beginning, it could be said that I simply didn't have the slightest chance of escaping. Rather than that, I even tried to establish a relationship, based on trust between us, and even did *that* with her. Or is it because I did *that* with her, that I felt like I wanted to stay by her side?

Sigh, I don't understand. It didn't matter if it was over what lies in a girl's or a monster's heart, it would be best not to dwell over it. In this world, if I could see her smile once a day, it would be the best gift god could ever bestow upon me.

As I had such random thoughts. I messed with her hair. When the small snakes were tame, they were actually quite cute. No matter how I teased them, they never even attempted to bite my fingers. My frivolous attitude still can't be changed, huh.....

That's right. I licked one of the small snakes with my tongue.

She gave a violent shudder and increased the distance between us.

The baffling expression she had on her face made me feel awkward. I coughed drily a few times as I realized I had forgotten myself.

"S-sorry."

"Never mind....."

Although she said that, her tail had coiled and forcefully went between my legs, nestling up behind my back.

A dirty thought flashed through my mind, as I'm pretty sure it did in hers as well, but I immediately understood the reason for her doing that— —in such a small sleeping space, the tail behind my back could prevent me from rolling onto the wet floor while I slept.

"Let's sleep....."

"Ok."

Putting out the candlefire with my fingers, sleep came quickly with the sound

of rain.

Probably because she was feeling very at ease, I could feel the two paper cranes she held in her hands amidst the stretch of darkness.

Footnotes:

1. 'If it threatens to rain or your mother wishes to remarry, there is no way to stop them': An old Chinese quote, means an inevitable occurrence.

2. [Eaves](#): The part of a roof that meets or overhangs the walls of a building.

Intermission 1

The Pages Within the Diary (1)

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom

The observation of Medusa's daily lifestyle.

Day of recording: Day 22

Stage: —

Food intake: Total of 2 times. 16 days between each time. Takes a whole afternoon to eat. Has the large appetite and capable of eating a single girabbit's meat all by herself.

Health condition: Good (No abnormalities that could be observed by eye) In-heat period: Unknown

Degree of accepting human food: Average

Degree of accepting human lifestyle: Average Times of magic used: Total of two. Related to empowering the bow and arrow.

Scope of activities: Farthest until the trail at the foot of the mountain.

Attire: Two necklaces, five pieces of green yarn fabric.

Weapons: Mostly uses a Turkish bow, a short hatchet.

Change in appearance: None. (She's just very beautiful) Change of her state of capabilities: Learned how to fold paper cranes.

Things she like: Sunny days, me (about the same?) Things she hates: Rain.

Times mated: 3

Unique physical structure: Simply put, she can be described by with an upper body and lower body.....(100 words omitted) Summary of daily routines:

After waking up, she would replenish her body with large amounts of water, and then raise her body temperature to a satisfying level, either by touching/getting close to me or by basking in the sunlight.

Morning, she would have simple conversations with me in order to help me with learning the language.

If she needs to eat, she would hunt in the morning. Presently, she has only hunted girabbits.

During noon, no matter what activity she does, she would do it under the sun.

In the afternoon, after accompanying me for dinner, she would either explore the surroundings together with me or help with the home-building.

Evening was reserved for recreational activities. We would either play a muddled mess of a sentence-making game, or tease and flirt with each other. Though we sometimes do some normal stuff.....

Nighttime, if we didn't mate, she would normally sleep early, though she accompanies me sometimes to read a book under the candlelight.

If she does mate, there is no certain time as how long she does it, but it would at least last an hour or so.

Other special habits: Temporarily none for now.

Recorder: *Chen Lao Wu*¹

Footnotes:

1.Originally 陈老五.

Chapter 11

Nightfall Town¹

Translated by Lickymean

Edited by TsunderePhantom, DotoRampageallday-zenor, Animecon-vyl

Talking about keeping in contact with fellow humans, I know that it's a double edged sword.

On the one hand, humans could be said to be gregarious animals, so communicating with them could bring in many huge benefits as well as greatly aiding you on your personal growth.

On the other hand, after some careful thinking, it's not necessarily a good thing to be in contact with the humans in a different world. You have to understand that it's not as simple as meeting a moe girl, who would bring herself to strike up a conversation with you randomly, then give you a free starter kit or the likes. *(TLN: Some kind of RPG reference?)*

Instead of meeting moe girls, the real challenge lies in knowing if the people that you meet is kind or not.

Oh, how I hoped that I had some kind of superpower or something. If I couldn't act cool in my world, then at least give me the chance to try it once in this world goddamnit.

Unfortunately, I have tried this a few times in secret. Though I focused so hard, to the point where I had even farted, things such as fire or electricity didn't appear from my hands. The tree that I couldn't chop still remains, and I still panted heavily after running a few hundred meters.

Thus, I had put off the matter of getting in contact with other humans for a long time. Furthermore, I spent a number of days being busy with the flooding and farming issues. By the time I wanted to have a serious discussion about that with her, it was already the 29th day.

When I pointed at a picture that had the aerial view of a certain town to try and convey my thoughts to her, I could sense her hesitation just from seeing the space that formed between her brows.

Just as I expected, the difference between monsters and humans is just too great. Once again, this reinforced my view: logically speaking, in this world, it is impossible for monsters and humans to have a life together.

Of course, by that I meant the ‘humans of this world’. After all, I’m not a ‘human of this world’.

I tried my best to convey my intentions of purchasing things to her as well, but she kept telling me that it’s too dangerous.

Of course, I had already considered the risks. However, even if it’s dangerous, it was still worth a try. If we don’t interact with other humans and buy some better tools, there was no way the eave for our home could be built.

“Then, only can go there.....”

“Un.....?”

“*Dinarnia*².”

Although it was the first time I have heard that word, *Dinarnia* sounded like something that is related to the meaning of the word “night”, though I’m not entirely sure. But by pulling the words apart, I quickly understood that the word can be translated to ‘Nightfall Town’.

Through her explanation, it seems like the cities in this world can be categorised into 3 types; first is *Niya*³, a term for small towns or villages. The second one is *Kanya*³, used for cities that had more buildings and a larger population size. The last one was called *Ouzaina*³, which had a different pronunciation than the other two. Based on the book’s illustrations, which showed a gigantic city, the word should have the same meaning as ‘Capital’.

No matter what they are called, whether we are heading to a village or the capital, it completely suited my intentions.

Seeing my determination to go, she passed me the short hatchet she normally used, probably to give me a way to protect myself should I ever be in danger.

When I held the hatchet, it didn't take that much of an effort to wield it. Perhaps, because I have been labouring continuously for many days, it's made me think that I have become stronger.

"It's fine."

Hanging the hatchet off my pants, I gave her a somewhat relaxed smile.

"....."

But she didn't respond to me as she tightened the bowstring on her bow and carried the quiver on her back. There were 10 arrows in the quiver— —I have never seen her bring so many arrows with her before. She also had a machete with a scabbard on it, which I had no idea where she took from.

That's right. The type of machete that was only used to hack at people back in my *village*⁴.

"Uh...that."

"I already said, very dangerous."

My long-gone sense of fear returned to overwhelm me again. No matter how cute and gentle she was in our daily lives, when faced with danger, her cautious personality would instantly reveal itself.

Taking a look at my small hatchet, I couldn't help but feel like I am not fated to be described as '*efficient with both brains and brawn*'⁵'. But if she has decided to play the role of the guardian, then I could only play the role of the communicator.

I practiced the sentences that I felt were useful in such situations such as: 'Hello. We want to buy tools'. 'Hello. We are not hostile'. 'Hello. We need help'. 'Hello. We want to buy a pot.'

Oh, and the most important one— —'Please don't hurt us.'

As soon as it felt like we were appropriately prepared, she draped on her black cloak, and we both set out on the journey to the human village. En route, we never held hands, not even once, as we kept our guard up for the whole journey.

Still, isn't the journey a little too long? It felt like I had walked halfway through a city. If I really had to describe it, I would say it that it was the same as walking

from the hotel in the centre of the city to the North Grand Canal⁶.....

When I saw a big wooden sign that was on the verge of crumbling, I knew we had reached the so-called Nightfall Town. After sticking my face close to the sign, I could only barely managed to make out the unrecognizable letters and illustration of a house which represented a village.

The well trodden dirt road wasn't as dusty as I expected. And, as I walked towards the Southern entrance of Nightfall Town, I could see that the building in front of me was a wooden two-storey building.

Based on the open sliding door and the plaque with a liquor bottle on it, it wouldn't be hard to guess that it was some kind of bar or something similar to that.

Steeling myself, and forcing myself not to think about the hatchet on my waist, we walked in side-by-side, and entered the bar that was located at the outermost end of the town.

“Hello.....”

I swallowed the words I was going to say next, because I was being stared at by a hostile crowd without a trace of goodwill on their faces. It made me feel so nervous that I felt sick.

I took in the surroundings with much difficulty; there were more than 10 tables with the number of people in the room totalling up to more than 14. Including the bartender, there were 15 of them.

A quick glance told me that there were around 7 flintlock pistols, with hands ready to shoot them at any moment.

I still started to dry heave, having nothing in my throat when throwing up blurred my vision. However, my mind was still clear. After counting down from 3 in my heart, the first words that come out of my mouth were ‘Please don't hurt us.’

To be honest, that was the first time in my life that I had disgraced myself in front of a woman.

But as long as I'm still alert, my body would go through the necessary motions.

My left hand started pulling hers in, as I readied my right hand on the handle of the hatchet. The reason I hated silence so much was because, the longer the silence was, the worse the situation will become.

The silence among all of us had lasted for almost half a minute. It should be more than enough to cause a bloody bar fight.

“First, I’ll attack the brown hair dude, and then use him as a meatshield...” — — As I was working out my plans, an unbelievably tall person with impossibly broad shoulders stood up from behind the shadows of the bar counter.

“Aohoo~Look who came to our Nightfall Town bar? A Medusa, and a human beside it!”

As I was still thinking about whether ‘Aohoo~’ meant an onomatopoeia for being surprised or the howling of a wolf, a wolf started towards me, it’s nails rapping against the floor. It was about 3 to 4 heads taller than me, and was wearing a top hat.

That’s right. That’s a wolf. A wolf who wore a short-sleeved western suit and a *five-cents trousers*⁷.

Maybe calling him a wolf isn’t polite. Let’s just call him Mr.Werewolf for now. After all, wolves wouldn’t know how to take off their hats.

“Hello.” I struggled to swallow a mouthful of saliva.

“Un~Hello, weird Mr.Human. Please allow me to introduce myself. I am the humble *Wolflang*⁸, a xx.”

As I have never learned honorifics before, it took me 5 seconds to listen to that sentence, 10 seconds to decipher it and, roughly, get the meaning of those words.

Un, Hello Wolflang, I’m.....”

I hesitated for a moment.

“Sorry, I am Lao Wu.”

“Oh~you’re Mr.Lou Woo.”

I introduced myself as Lao Wu because I didn’t think that he will understand

me even if I said my Chinese name. In addition to that, I couldn't even remember my English name, so I just told him my ranking amongst the male students that were in the same college course as me⁹.

Although my classmates were more than willing to call me Brother Wu, I couldn't very well let a werewolf call me 'Brother Wu'.

As I was smiling along with him, I tried to think of a way to interact with this Mr.wolf without coming across as having any malicious intents.

"Okay, Mr.Lou Woo. What are you¹⁰ here for?"

Although I was quite shocked that a wolf with a mouth full of fangs could speak so fluently, I still had to reply quickly.

"Oh~that's right. Rather than that, everyone here, including me, wants to know why are you holding Miss Medusa's hands?"

Honestly, I couldn't understand what he was saying, but based on the the gazes of the crowd and the way the top hat in his hands was angled, I guessed that that was the question he asked.

Right, because I was so nervous, I had been grabbing her hands tightly this whole time. Grabbing her with my sweaty palms.

Still, I could only explain it like this, even though I didn't really want to expose it.

"We live together."

She and I said that at the same time.

Footnotes:

1.If you forgot, 夜幕镇=Yue Mu Zhen=Nightfall Town

2.迪纳尼亚=Di na ni ya. Might as well...**[The Chronicles of Dinarnia: The Medusa, the glasses dude and the girabbit meat]**——Showing at your nearest cinemas today!

3.尼亚=Niya, 坎亚=Kanya, 欧塞纳=Ouzaina

4.Was MC raised in a village of spartans lol?

5.Originally 能文能武, a Chinese quote.

6.Originally 硬要比较一下的话, 就是从市中心的迎宾馆走到北运河的距离吧. I have no idea what is this supposed to reference to.....

7.Something like [this](#)?

8.Originally 沃夫郎. Author playing with words here, since 沃夫=wofu(wolf) and 郎= lang= man (same pinyin as 狼, which means wolf in Chinese)

9.陈老五=Chen Lao Wu. 五 here means five, and 老五 is like a nickname.

10.Wolf dude uses 您 here, a respectful way to address someone.

Chapter 12

The Werewolf and the Smith

Translated by Lickmee

Edited by IcePhantom, Ruzenor, Anivyl

It was impossible for humans to live together with monsters, because this is crossing the lines of two completely different types of species. Still, that was my theory and mine only. Because if monsters were the type of species that had a higher intelligence than humans did, relationships between humans and monsters would be more widely accepted.

Because humans had always sought after strong things in order to advance their own civilization.

For those weaker than themselves, humans would normally seek to possess them for exploitation. This is the law of nature after all: the weak becomes food for the strong. However, should there be something that could not be considered “weak”, yet the level of civilisation is clearly not as good as theirs, then the most concerning point would be that it couldn’t be exploited for humankind. Therefore, when necessary, humans will discard these “things”.

Coincidentally, monsters were one of those ‘things’.

The immediate danger of a gunfight happening within the Nightfall Town Tavern was luckily diffused by a Mr. Wolf.

Well, it couldn’t really be called ‘diffusing’, but at least the people in the tavern weren’t as nervous as before.

When told of the reasons behind our hand-holding, it was as if we were forcefully writing the word ‘impossible’ into ‘possible’. Each and every one of their eyes, even Mr. Werewolf here, were eyeing me in amazement.

“Mr. Lou Woo, are you xxx?”

“Sorry, Wolflang, but I’m serious.”

I put my arms around her shoulders to prove our relationship, and immediately noticed that her hands were still grabbing onto the machete.

“This.....is too xxxxx”

I guess what he’s saying is that this was just too unbelievable.

Huhu, I was also quite shocked myself. A werewolf who was wearing a western suit, and a short-sleeved one at that. How trendy!

After organising the words mentally, I said the next sentence.

“Wolflang, we have no hostile intentions.”

“That, I know.”

“Uh.....”

Yo Bro Werewolf, can’t you speak a little more? At least give me some time to think! I’ve only learnt this language for 25 days, and how was I supposed to respond to that kind of statement?!

“About that.....we want to buy a pot!”

“Un?”

Brother Wolf’s furry grey head had a querying look, as he remained speechless.

I can’t blame him for that, he must have never seen someone who would change topic so abruptly in his whole life.

But I don’t know how to talk about other stuff anyways! No matter how good I am at chattering, I could only speak in Chinese after all!

“Sorry, we.....”

In the end, it was still Medusa, who would help me no matter what, who started explaining the situation to Mr.Wolf here with a series of words that I couldn’t understand.

.....

At the end, we got invited to sit at the bar and were offered a red-brownish liquid in a glass that had the words ‘Please drink’ written on it. I was already very

thirsty from the journey and all, so I drank it without a moment of hesitation.

It was liquor. Sweet liquor.

It tasted just like the 380 yuan wine per bottle I had in my company's annual meeting. I wouldn't really say that it's good, but it was still okay.

As for Mr. Wolf here, he had been talking with her this whole time. Or should I say, one-sidedly asking her questions. I supposed I could somewhat understand. After all, the news of me being unable to speak this language is already out, I am sure such problems are unavoidable.

I really wanted to understand what they are talking about, but it was not possible to do so as they were talking too quickly for me.

Once I was done with my second glass, I signaled to the shopkeeper that I had enough. Perhaps he didn't understand at all, as he set the third glass on to the table with a "duang" sound.

Steeling myself, I drank half of it. Then, my craving for a smoke came up again. I had gone without smoking for a while now, but there was only a reason as to why desire for tobacco has returned.

There was someone smoking beside me.

That's right. The shopkeeper who gave me the alcohol just now was smoking.

It was impossible for me to endure, as I had no intention to quit smoking in the first place. I used my fingers to make a gesture of holding a cig to the shopkeeper, asking him if he could give me a stick.

This time, he understood me. Taking out a cigarette from a small cloth bag, he passed it to me together with a box of matches. I threw the box of matches back to him with a smile.

That's right! It's finally time for me to act cool!

Taking my lighter from my pockets was like giving life to it. Following the flipping actions from my fingers, nudging the cigarette into the most comfortable position, I lit up and inhaled from the cigarette deeply.

This whole process took less than 2 seconds.

Fear me, you mortals! This is the only thing I can act cool with in this world——
a lighter!

As expected, the shopkeeper had a shocked expression on his face, though it only lasted for a few seconds.

Can't you act a little more surprised!? This was a secret lighter flicking skill that I took a while to perfect.....

Puffing out my first mouthful of this world's smoke, Brother Wolf came to talk with me.

"Ah, Mr.Lou Woo. Just now you....., you wanted to buy a pot."

"Un, yes, also."

"And also tools. What did you need to buy tools for?"

"Uh, like this."

In the end, I still needed to draw. I didn't know how to say 'an eave to keep the rain out', so I took out my journal.

"Me, and her. Live. Mountain cave."

"Un."

"And then, rain."

"Un."

"And then, home, have water."

"Un....."

"And then, home, cannot, have water."

"Un.....Ha,haha."

Wolflang let out a crude barbell-like laughter. I knew he didn't try to hold it back.

"Sorry, Mr Lou Woo. Please continue."

"Ah, nevermind. And then, we need, this."

I used the best drawing skills I had in my entire 20 plus years of life to draw an

eave.

“Un, I understand. Do you know how to make it?”

“This.....sorry. I don’t know.”

“Just like this, then it’s done.”

He drew three pillars under ‘人’-shaped eave, which was made by piecing wooden boards together. After he was done with that, he drew the details of the eave as well its supporting structure. He then used the pencil to point at a piece of board, and used gestures to ask me about the length of the boards that we needed.

“Like this.”

“Ah, thank you, Wolflang.”

He waved his hands and gestured towards the sitting Medusa. We then followed him out of the bar.

It was only then that I finally noticed that there was no one casting hostile gazes at us anymore, though sometimes there were gazes with unknown feelings directed at me.

The roads in Nightfall Town were all dirt roads, with the structures primarily made out of wood. It had a somewhat above average population, and gave off a feeling of peace and harmony.

Wolflang had even greeted an auntie who was drying clothes. Was the relationship between humans and monsters in this town really that good?

It felt like we had walked from the southern part of the town to the east, before finally arriving in front of a neat brick wall.

The wall was made out of stone bricks and, what looked like, cement. In a town where most of the structures are made out wood, a structure made of bricks amongst them was certainly eyecatching.

Based on the white plumes of smoke and the hammering sounds behind the wall, it seemed to be an industrial area.

Although it was just a guess, it was totally out of my expectations. There was

just a single man in that place— —a man who was holding a hammer in his hands while greeting us.

The ash and sweat stained body of his was almost 2 meters high, easily causing people to mistake him for those blacksmiths in games.

Though blacksmithery was actually a talent of his.

“Good afternoon, Mr.Parker.”

“Hei! Wolflang, what do you need?”

“No, they’re the customers here.”

As I heard their exchange, I sized up the open-aired factory. The reason I called this a factory was because the area was just too large. After some rough calculation, the factory was almost 100x100m large.

The dazzling woodwork equipments, metal-smelting furnace as well as the steam machine made me open my mouth wide in awe.

Even Medusa stood there expressionlessly for a while.

“My dear customers, welcome to the kingdom’s best xxx.”

I couldn’t understand what he said at the end of that line, but he must have been quite proud of his factory. I could already feel it just by looking at the few shining metal teeth he had in his mouth.

Honestly speaking, this brother called Parker isn’t really that easy on the eyes, or it could just be because his mouth was crooked. Even so, just by having this small factory, he was someone worthy of my respect.

Maybe it was due to my northeastern blood, I have always liked to watch the sparks of molten steel flying everywhere in factories, and listen to the sounds of cars being lathed.

Unfortunately, I didn’t get to be a craftsman in the end. Of my father’s three craftsmanship abilities, I have only managed to pick up his culinary skills and being road savvy. .

“Parker, I am Lao Wu. This is my.....”

I thought hard about how to introduce her who lived with me, but right when I

was about to speak, I realised that I haven't learned the word 'girlfriend' in the language of this world yet.

"This is my....."

I felt her tail lashing gently at my ankle. Well, yeah, i was in the wrong here.

Brother Blacksmith eyeballed me with his uneven eyes. I looked at him in return.

Then, as if he remembered something, he brought the hammer down soundly on the chopping board next to him..

"I understand now! You guys are xxx right."

His sudden action made me tremble in shock. Hey big brother, don't scare me like that! And what did the word you just blurted out mean?!

As I was scratching my head in confusion, she unexpectedly acknowledged it.

"Yes."

I then felt my arms being held tightly. Uh, okay, it should have had the same meaning.

"Haha, how splendid, Mr.Lou Woo."

"Yeah. Mhmm." I quickly agreed.

"Then, what do the both of you need?"

Parker moved his strong-as-an-ox body aside, then waved his big, thick hands at the 100% hand made goods behind him, ranging from muzzle loaded flintlocks to chairs and tables.

Chapter 13

A Car and a House

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Sekiryuu, Anivyl

T/N: Here you go Dessugar. Now would you stop whipping me please.

Whether they are a business or a consumer, a satisfactory exchange is desired by all. And in Nightfall Town, almost every commercial dealing was satisfactory.

Especially when Mr.Parker hand made a brand new eave in front of me in less than 10 minutes. (E/N: eave means roof)

The drawback was that no matter how beautiful the eave was, there was no way we could take it back home.....

Oh, we also bought a big pot, a few books, and a decent dip pen. Aside from these important stuff, we also bought some daily necessities such as shoes and clothes.

Eventually, once we were done with all the bits and pieces of our shopping, it all filled up a large gunny sack. It was only when we were checking on our purchases that we realised the problem we have walked ourselves into: transporting everything back home.

On a side note, what I was using before couldn't exactly be called a "pencil". To be precise, it was a stick from a tree that was carved cylindrically, with the center of the stick itself containing large amounts of black sap. After sharpening the end of the stick, it could be used as a pencil, though I have to constantly sharpen the end when the sap runs out.

"What to do?"

"I take this, you take that?"

What she meant was that she wanted me to carry the sack, and she will carry the eave in our journey back to the cave. Let's not talk about her dragging that

giant piece of wood product back, she didn't even consider if it was possible for me to carry the huge gurney sack with the big pot strapped to my back

Uh.....we still need that, right?"

"Un...?"

The direction I was pointing at was a structure that looked like a stable, with a few horses inside. That's right, horses that looked like the ones the Black Merchant caravan had.

Although I didn't feel like spending anymore money than I already had, but this was a necessary investment.

My boss used to tell me 'A car can let your career grow wings and fly!'. I don't know if it can really grow wings and fly, because I have never been a boss myself. But with a wagon, at least I will be able to take these things back.

Hesitation. Oh, how I hesitated.

I wasn't hesitating over whether to buy a *Prado*¹ or a *RAV4*¹ or not, but instead, I was more concerned over the costs. I was very aware of how much a carriage was worth to the people here.

"Maybe...not..."

"Buy!"

Turning my head, I saw her excited face and felt a little stupid.

Could it be that gold coins weren't that important to her? She didn't say anything when I bought that necklace for 20 gold coins earlier, so buying a carriage shouldn't bother her one bit.

Although, it could also be because she was just curious.

And so, I asked Wolflang how to go about acquiring a carriage. He stroked the fluffy white hair at his throat, but was unable to give us a definite answer.

Therefore, the three of us went together to inquire about it.

After the owner of the horses went through a series of emotions from surprised, terrified, before finally calming down, he eventually started explaining to us.

Simply speaking, a horse cost 8 pieces of gold, a carriage cost 4 pieces, while a covered carriage cost 8 pieces.

First, I can pick a carriage, then I can buy horses to go with it. That is to say, the type of carriage I saw in movies costs at least 12 gold, huh.....

Glancing at the feeding trough, and then observing the canine teeth of the horses, I realized that the horses here were carnivores.....

Walking in further, I discovered another weird animal——a huge sheep.

Why did I call it huge? Well, it's because this sheep's back was at the same height as my chest.

I have a reliable theory—— that the living things in this world were larger than the original ones that are in my world. For example, the girabbits, or even this sheep here.

The tamed-looking huge sheep looked at me and bleated a few times.

“How much is this?”

“Ah?”

“I said this.”

“3 gold coins.....”

While the owner of the horses looked at me bafflingly, I calculated the sum in my head.

A carriage and a horse would cost me 12 gold coins, but a huge sheep and a carriage would only cost me 7 gold coins. On top of that, the huge sheep had the temper of a tamed animal herbivores, making it easy to take care of. On the other hand, although a horse had more uses compared to a sheep, it grabbed too much attention to us. Furthermore, the way I saw it, there really wasn't any need for a horse in the future..

“Buy this.”

“Ah?”

Wolflang and the horses's owner made a bigger surprised gasp than before.

The only one who didn't feel surprised was Medusa.

My Medusa slithered to the side of the sheep carefreely and only asked a question after sizing it up a little.

“Can eat?”

“Of course.” I replied without a moment of hesitation.

“Buy it.”

I threw 7 pieces of gold coins towards the horses’s owner as Wolflang took out a pair of glasses and stared at the sheep. Turning his head, he asked me: “Mr.Lou Woo, are you sure you want to buy this? This is a...”

Hey! Even I could guess that he was about to say “This is a sheep!”

“Un. Yes.”

The sheep was led along to outside the stable, and was harnessed to a slightly small carriage. How do I say it, it does give off a sense of violation.....

Still, it was something I bought myself, so no matter how good or bad it was, I felt kind of prideful for having it.

Putting the sack, the eave, the pot as well as our other shoppings on the carriage, I tried to make the sheep move from its place.

As I pulled the reins harnessed onto the sheep (if this thing could even be called a ‘rein’), the sheep started walking without much effort.

Though that’s when the problem occurred. If I wasn’t pulling on the reins, it wouldn’t move more than two steps.....

Whatever. I’ll deal with these problems when I get back. Today’s journey should end here, since I still want to keep a low profile and all.

By staying at the mountain cave with her, it should reduce any unnecessary contact with the other humans of this world. Taking out a stick of cigarette that I bought a few moments ago from the town , I glanced at Medusa who was leaning against the carriage. Under the bright sun, the brown tail of hers was in a beautiful S-shape.

No matter what position she was in, she looked absolutely beautiful as usual.

“Going back?”

I smiled as I stretched my hands towards her.

“Let’s go.”

There was a word that I loved the most when she said it.

“Un, go.”

“About that.....”

“Un?”

“*Hug me*¹.....”

My brain went blank for 2 seconds, because she would only say this word when we were in bed. If she said it suddenly like that, I really didn’t know how to respond to her.

But after looking at the carriage, and then her tail, could it be that she wasn’t able to get on the carriage?

Hug? If I don’t hug her, then who will?!

Rolling my sleeves up, I bent my back without a warning and carried her. My right hand supported her back as her tail completely coiled around my left shoulder. It was done in order to maintain the balance.

Also, she weighed at least 80 kilograms. Her first princess carry, and my first time giving someone a princess carry, ended with her having a panicked expression and me being so tired till my face went red.....

The carriage creaked as I was worried about the sheep, though it doesn’t seem to be bothered by the weight at all. Wolflang scratched his head as we glanced awkwardly at each other without knowing what to say.

“Thank you, Wolflang, goodbye.”

“You’re welcome, *SainiharUILA*³!”

That word meant something like a blessing, though I didn’t really know the way to translate it correctly. It wasn’t only like ‘Bon Voyage’ ‘I wish you good luck’, but a word used to show friendliness. Just like how we normally say ‘thanks to you’, but it doesn’t really specify who do you give your thanks to.

“SainiharUILA!”

I used the same words to show my gratitude to Wolflang.

I didn't really understand much of Nightfall Town's customs back then, though I knew through Medusa's explanation later that this small town was the only town in existence that allows interaction between monsters and humans.

The me from back then only felt that Wolflang, the werewolf was very awesome for being able to get along with humans so much.

As I drove the carriage, I couldn't help but look forward towards a hopeful future. If it was possible to even buy an eave such as this, was there something that was even impossible to obtain?

In the future, we could probably own a plot of farming land of our own, an animal farm of our own, or even a garden and a bungalow to call our own.

Although I didn't know if it was possible to realize such dreams in my lifetime, it was good to have a few dreams.

A human living without any dreams to achieve is quite the sad thing, no?

If I knew magic, I would research it thoroughly to become the number one mage in the world.

If I knew sword skills, then I would never stop challenging the pros until I'm the best swordsman in the world.

If I was able to do everything, then I'd easily be the overpowered protagonist of some lame story.

Unfortunately, I knew neither of the above. All I had was a Medusa who fell in love with me at some point.

Still, this was more than enough. At least I wasn't alone anymore in this world.

The sun had already touched the horizon as I turned my head to look at her. Staring at the direction of our home, I returned my gaze to the front and touched the neck of the sheep.

It seems like there won't be enough time to put the eave up today. Let's just go home and have a meal.

A man who was driving a carriage that was pulled by a sheep, and a Medusa

sitting on the carriage. If it was possible, I wanted to have a picture of this scene taken and posted in my Moments⁴. Of course, the caption would be ‘Bros, this is the new car I bought for my wife today’.

Footnotes:

- 1.[Prado](#) and [RAV 4](#) are cars made by Toyota.
- 2.Lao Wu misunderstands her words I think? 抱 can either mean hug or carry.
- 3.Originally 赛尼哈瑞拉.
- 4.Wechat users would understand. For those who don’t, it’s something like a mini Facebook in Wechat, a social app.

T/N:Don’t worry about OreOjou guys, it’s coming realllll soon

Chapter 14

A Bad Cold

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by IcePhantom, Anivyl

“Relax, I won’t die from this. The old lady who was my neighbor read my palms before.” — —said me, who was down with a serious cold.

It’s been two days since the day I went shopping at Nightfall Town. Within these two days, the thing that I felt most sentimental about was — —woodwork was really a handicraft.

Why would I say that? Well, that’s because the perfectly made eave by Mr.Parker had been disassembled by me.....

As for the reason, it was quite simple. Once this thing was put in place, it would really block the rainwater from flowing into the cave. But then, as the eave was rectangular in shape whilst the cave entrance was round, the only way to fix it in place was by cramming it .

Unfortunately, cramming it at the entrance would most probably result in her being unable to enter and exit the cave freely, so the only thing I could do was to modify it.

The modification process was quite a pain in the ass. I had to slowly disassemble the wooden boards one by one, and then fit them up into the curved cave entrance by hammering them in, nail by nail.

Should any of you wish to make your hands rough within a few hours, my personal recommendation for you would be to go do some carpentry work.

There was also the problem of fixing it in place. Even though I used Wolflang’s design and suggestions, it was still very hard to turn ideas into reality.

Contrary to how easy it was to build a small house model using toothpicks, it

was the total opposite when trying to build a real wooden house with wooden boards.

Unless you have the skills for it, building a house based only on your own imagination would result in how the eave I built turned out —a pile of mess.

But no matter how shitty its appearance was, it still did its job. As a bonus function, you could even hang clothes off it.. So, it was a degree of success.

Oh right, Medusa had helped me quite a bit, though I tried to prevent her from doing so.

After all, I wasn't that type of man who would allow his woman's smooth soft hands to become rough and hard.

As for the door sill, I made it quickly by using the wood I chopped before and some animal pelts. With that done, the problem of the cave being flooded during rainy days should be solved.

While I was doing the carpentry work, I had also considered the weather changes. If I had arrived in the summer season, then after a month or so, it should be fall. The heavy rain before had helped me figure that out.

Also, there was another evidence. If I slept shirtless at night, I could feel the very cold weather in the morning Sadly, I was an idiot for thinking that all that I needed when autumn comes, was to wear a long-sleeved shirt. Just like how the last generation kept telling us——'If you do this now, you will be riddled with illnesses in your old age'..

But now, before i have even turned old, illnesses had come knocking on my door..

The weird feeling started from that morning. After waking up, the first movement I made sent jolts of pain from every joint in my body to my brain. . After that, I felt that my brain was not even clearly aware of pain anymore, instead, it was replaced by a feeling of drowsiness, extremely lethargic drowsiness.

It took all of my strength to just sit up. This wasn't just the feeling of exhaustion anymore, but it was as if I had no strength at all.

“Ah.....did I catch a cold?”

It was inevitable for humans, who were omnivores, to catch a cold. But that was the past.

As I didn't bring any *Contact NT*¹ with me when I came to this world, the thing I worried about the most was contracting illnesses such as a fever or a cold.

After all, being down with a cold that can paralyse your body movement by 30 percent, it was an extremely scary thought.

Come to think about it, it's been a month since I have come to live in this hygienically poor cave. I should consider myself lucky, since I only caught a cold. If I had been inflicted with tetanus instead, I might not have been able to live till now.

Opening my eyes with much effort, I decided to tough it out and get out of bed. After all, for a grown man to stay in bed just because of a small cold isn't really a good thing.

This cold... I should be able to grit my teeth and just get over it. Not just that, but there were chores waiting to be done.

Draping an animal pelt over my shoulders, I walked out of the cave. Eyeing the 'small yams' I planted a few days ago, my body was filled with determination².

When it came to planting stuff, I should be watering it, but the only thing I could use to water it with was the big pot I had just bought.

Using the heavy metal pot, I carried some water unsteadily back from the cold stream up west. Perhaps it was because of my cold, or perhaps the water itself was freezingly cold, when my hands touched the water, it was so cold that my hands ached from the pain.

But seriously though, this pot is so goddamn heavy. If I knew that this would have happened, I would have bought a wooden basin too.

Sigh, I wonder how my friends would have reacted if they have seen the current me.

“Good morning.”

“Un, good morning.”

She also had a piece of animal pelt draped over her shoulders as she stood at the cave entrance.

With some trinkets, she could easily pass off as a rich heiress...

“What are you doing?”

“Ah, these things need water.”

“Oh~Want to read book today?”

“Un, I will be over soon.....*Achoo!*”

“*Pu.*” (TLN: *Medusa laughing?*)

As expected, I really caught a cold, with a stuffy nose and all. Ugh, I feel dizzy.

Screw this, I am just going to have a smoke and read those newly-bought books with her.

Sitting on the bed, we opened a book together. As usual, the weird characters made no sense to me.

When I was bored, I did looked further into this world’s alphabets. There were 19 letters, which were primarily made up of straight lines.

Although the printed words were abnormally neat, the punctuations were a complete mess to me. Especially those few types with small round circles, they were completely incomprehensible.

If I wanted to learn things, like the grammar of this world’s language, it would take a lot of effort to achieve that with my current understanding of the language.

There were a few things I discovered about the language. One of them was that it shared some similarities with the basics of the English language.

The unique thing about the English language was that a single English alphabet does not have a meaning. For example, ‘牛’ means cow in Chinese, but English needed three letters to form the word ‘cow’.

From this unique likeness, English was really a good language to learn this language with.

However, I wasn’t thinking of such things at that time. Instead, I learned

through the illustrations in the book.

If there was an illustration of a bird, I would ask her what it was called in her language. If it was an illustration of a house, I would also ask her what it was known as.

Yet in this new book, there was an illustration of a man and a woman in, what looked like, a garden. With their foreheads pressed against each other, they had a look of happiness on their face..

Although I didn't understand this world, it was obvious that these two people in the picture were married.

No matter how serious my cold was, or how dizzy my head was, it was still very obvious to me that these two people were in the midst of a wedding.

The man in a suit and the woman in a wedding dress. If they weren't getting married, what else could they be doing? Going to a funeral?

Due to my long thinking process, coupled with my dizzy head, I decided not to ask about the picture.

With the picture in front of my eyes, my train of thoughts started drifting. I thought of my parents, who always emphasised heavily on marriage**, as well as the irony behind marriage.....

(*ED/N:In context of the chinese here, it seems that the parents were concerned about the mc and his... singledom. So they were worried for him being single) "What is the problem?"

"Ah? Ah, nothing, nothing.....Then, this, what is this called?"

It was only when she shook my elbow that I came to my senses. Yet, the freezing cold and my brain, which was slow to react, made me jumble up my words.

"Hehe, this is *Weslianna*³."

"Oh....."

As if she was waiting for me to ask her about this picture, she told me the pronunciation for the word 'marriage'. While I strained my brain to try and remember it, the pencil in my hands had already stopped listening to me.

Though I could still maintain this sitting posture for a little while longer.

“Come on~”

“What is the matter?”

“Let’s do this, do this.”

The bright pair of eyes, coupled with those delicate lips of hers, made me unable to reject her request. She pointed at the picture as she grabbed my elbow.

Even though I nearly lost my balance, I still managed to stand up.

As we imitated the couple in the illustration by pressing our foreheads against each other, our fingers intertwined with each other.

At this point, I could barely hold myself up, but I still wanted to satisfy this small wish of hers.

As long as you can feel happiness, in the future, we can hold a real wedding at the place that was illustrated in the book.

I could feel her cold body temperature through my forehead, but by then, it feels like my vision was filled with dark spots as I couldn’t even see her face clearly anymore.

“Sorry.....”

“What is the matter?”

“I feel, very cold.....”

At that very moment when I collapsed, I remember trying, but failing to grasp at her hands.

That was the second time I had fainted in my whole life. The first happened when I had a sudden bout of diarrhoea in the toilet. This time, I fainted in the arms of a beautiful Medusa..

Well, at least it isn’t as embarrassing as before.

When I finally opened my eyes, the first thing that I saw was a familiar face with a complicated expression on it.

The fact that I could feel my hands confirmed my suspicions that I was still alive, which was a good feeling. Before this, I didn't want to die because of my natural instincts, but now, it is all because I wanted to see her smile again.

After all, humans can't spend their life time alone.

"You won't die.....right?"

The tip of her brows which had tipped downwards was an obvious sign that she was worried about me.

For the bridegroom of a couple that were secretly having a wedding to suddenly faint must have been quite a shock, huh.

"Relax, I won't die from this. The old lady who was my neighbor read my palms before."

I smiled as I replied in Chinese, though it was obvious that she didn't understand me.

"I am fine——"

Using this world's language to repeat my words, I pressed my forehead against hers, in order to show that I really won't die.

Then, she hugged me with the same speed of a flash which I hadn't seen in a long time.

When you are sick, you will feel very happy if there is someone who is really worried about you.

Footnotes:

1.Contact NT is the name for an over-the-counter flu remedy produced in China. Though not illegal there, it is a class C regulated drug in New Zealand because of its high pseudoephedrine concentration.

2.[Picture](#). Who plays Undertale too here haha 3.Originally 维斯丽恩娜.

Chapter 15

Xifu and Husband

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Ruzenor, Joe, Anivyl

TLN: Life's been a bitch, thus such slow updates. Also, I know a lot of you don't read the footnotes, but this chapter has a lot of important ones, so please do it.

I wasn't the type of person who wished to have an exciting life everyday.

When I started forming my outlook on life, my dream was to inherit the job of my mother who was a honest public servant.

Unfortunately, I was a useless son who couldn't even achieve that kind of dream.

Still, it was the same here. All I wanted to do was to lead a simple life. Never mind owning a large manor, as long as I was fed and clothed, I would be content.

After all, there was no known way of me returning to where I was, so I might as well enjoy my life here.

When I first recovered from being sick, it felt really good. If I knew how to do a somersault, I would have already did it twice as a celebration.

Through being sick, I was made aware of the limitations of this world's medical standard. Based on the technological advances of Nightfall Town, there were many illnesses that couldn't be treated.

Though you can never ignore one of the elements of this world, which was magic. So maybe there was a magic that could cure illnesses.....

Still, I couldn't be sure that if something such as healing magic existed in this world.

It was wrong to keep thinking that this world was like an online game or an

anime.

However, at least I am certain of one thing: Medusa doesn't know any magic that could heal diseases.

If she knew one, then she wouldn't need to keep on chewing herbal medicines for me to eat.

To eat something that had been chewed on was embarrassing and disgusting, but still, I persevered for a whole week.

Didn't Traditional Chinese medicine have scorpions and even centipedes? As long as it heals diseases, it would still have to be ingested.

Still, it was fine as long as I was cured. I don't know if she was able to fall sick or not, but for my health's sake, I do have to maintain the hygiene around the house.

For example, the animal pelts have to be aired out, in the sun, from time to time.

The days passed by normally, though I think of it as a good thing. Because you see, the word '平安'(ping an) and the word '平淡'(ping tan) has the word '平'(ping) in it.

When I woke up in the morning, I would water the palm-sized farm. Then, I would venture into the forest and find some fruits to fill my stomach with for breakfast.

After she has woken up, we would read books together in order for me to learn the language. Then, I would fry some meat for lunch, then accompany her as she basked under the hot noon sun.

When the sun had slightly set in the afternoon, we would keep ourselves busy by packing things up or cleaning the cave, because we didn't have anything else to do anyways.

On the days when she feeds, she would be eating till late into the night. However, when she wasn't, we would pass the time freely.

Still, we had controlled the number of times we did *that*.

Because even if I am a healthy 20 years old male, my body couldn't possibly

take that much of a burden.

Yet, even if I was leading such a simple life, there were still many problems that arose.

“We are a family, right?”

I asked, while seated next to her.

“Un, yes.”

“Then, you are the wife?”

“Un.....”

“Then I...am the husband?”

“Un.....What do you want to say.”

I don’t even know myself!

For a man, the greatest moment of his life should be when he is intending to shoulder the responsibilities of being a family man.

Yet, why the hell am I beating around the bush for!? And why is it that, when I could finally manage to say a sentence fluently, we couldn’t understand each other?!

“What I want to ask is.....How should I refer to you as?”

“Refer to me as?”

“Eh, it’s like, I can call you Wife, and you can call me Husband, like that.....”

“Oh. Do you want me to call you Husband?”

Yup, she must be acting dumb with me.

Previously, when we were in Nightfall Town, she explained our relationship to others so easily.

And, why do I get the feeling that she was secretly laughing at me in her heart? Is she bullying me for my shitty amount of vocabulary or what?

All I wanted was to have a title that we could call each other with. It would be much more convenient for both of us when we were out in the public.

“Un, yes.....”

“Husband.”

“Yes, just like that.....”

“Husband.”

“*Puhahahaha!*”

We let out a loud laugh together. Why is it so funny anyways? The way she said ‘Husband’, was as if she was practicing her pronunciations.

Do I have to call her ‘Wife, wife’ too? Would our future conversations become something like this: ‘Wife, do you want to eat?’ ‘Husband, I’m not hungry.’?

What the hell?! At least it should have been said as ‘*Oh mine wife, art thee fill’d with pangs of hunger³?*’.

Damn it, this world’s language is rubbish! Doesn’t it have a word that’s more intimate than ‘wife’?

My guess would be that there was such a word, but Medusa wouldn’t know about it After all, she had never been married.

Whenever Medusa was in heat, she would capture a male to satisfy her needs.

It was only later, in Nightfall Town, that I understood that all those men were all “single-use products”.

After all, no sane man would abandon their own homes to stay in Medusa’s cave.

Still, there was the problem of what to call each other.

Logically speaking, there was no real need to worry about such pet names, because there was only two of us in the home, which means there was only one partner to converse with.

However, I was the type who views titles and names as something that is very important. As such, no matter what, I insisted on deciding on a form of addressing each other..

As my language abilities were poor, my way of solving it was using the opposite way.

I'll just use another language to say it.

Because I didn't know how to call her 'Darling'⁴ in the language of this world, I'll just resort to using Chinese instead.

After all, this way of addressing each other would only be used between the two of us. It even had the feeling of a sweet couple sending small, secret codes to each other. (Why didn't I feel embarrassed at all back then?)

"I'll just call you *Xifu er*⁵."

"Ah? Xu...foo?"

"Xifu er~it means wife."

"Eh.....Xifu,er?"

Once again, I understood something else, this world's language didn't have *erization*⁶.

"This is the language I used in the past. Read, it's fine, right?"

"Oh, I am.....Xifu, er?"

"No, not right. This means, you, are 'my xifu'."

"I am, 'my xifu?"

I tried to hold in my laughter, but still failed anyways.

I am my xifu, and also your xifu.

So who the hell is whose xifu now!?

"No no, you are, my, 'xifu'. That means that you are my wife."

"Ah, I got it~xifu er~"

That's why I said, who is whose xifu now!?

"And then me, I am your *hubby*⁷."

"What?Hub?"

"Hubby, which means husband. I am your husband."

"Oh.....Hub, bee."

"Yes. Eh, you can call me 'hubby'."

“Hubby, are you eating?”

“That’s right.....”

“Hubby, are you eating?”

Do you really want to eat or are you just practicing how to pronounce it?!

In a nutshell, the problem regarding how we would address each other had been solved.

Though it was funny sometimes, because she was behaving like a child who just learnt something new, repeating it over and over again.

Although Medusa is a monster, she had an unexpectedly strong learning capability. With just a day’s work, we were already capable of calling each other Xifu and Hubby.

With this, conversing with her should be more comfortable now, as there would at least be some kind of family warmth in our words now..

Oh, home. My home sweet home. It was the most important goal of my life.

The warmth of a home does not lie in the number of children, grandchildren in it nor how posh the house is..

I have never believed in the proverb ‘An impoverished couple faces a thousand sorrows’. Because, for a family to be unstable due to poverty, one can only say that the family’s willpower is too weak .

For two person to be holding hands, even after going through tons of trials, it would truly show their willpower.

And although I wanted to walk beside her until we some day reach that point in life, the ordeals in this world are very life-threatening.....

The first time both of us came face-to-face with real, life-threatening danger, happened on the 45th day.

I still remembered clearly— — how that day’s gloomy weather changed into a sunny one.

While drying the animal pelts outside, I heard the sound of humans.

Although I couldn’t clearly hear their conversation, it was clear that they were

approaching our home.

One of the common sense of life was that, by the time you sensed danger, ***it had already touched the tip of your nose.***

Footnotes:

1. 平安=Ping An= Safe

2. 平淡=Ping Tan= Normal

3. Originally 吾妻, 饿否? =Wuqi, efou?=My wife, are you hungry? The CN raw is olden Chinese. Hail online Shakespearean translators! \ (° ▽ °) /

4. Originally 老婆=Lao Po, an intimate way of calling your wife. There isn't really a good English equivalent of it.....

5. 媳妇儿=Xifu er is an intimate way of calling your wife in China. But, 媳妇儿 actually means daughter-in-law. I ain't turning this story into some Father-in-law X Daughter-in-law hentai, so unless it has essential to the plot or something, I'll use pinyin for this.

6. Erization is a phonological process that adds r-coloring or the “ér” sound to syllables in spoken Mandarin Chinese. So the 儿 in 媳妇儿 is an erization. Actually, just go to the wiki [here](#). It's much much more detailed.

7. Originally 老公=Lao Gong. Also an intimate way to call your husband in China. There isn't really a good English equivalent of this too.....

Chapter 16

Unwanted Guests

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Anivyl, Ruzenor

“I am a simple person, so my view on life is simple. You can hit me, shame me, or bully me. But once you touch my family, prepare to taste hell.” —My father’s view of life was as the same as mine.

The dense forest, which I thought served as a perfect hideout, was easily ‘breached’ by 5 humans just like that.

Consisting of 4 guys and a woman, the party was bigger than I expected.

Before they came near, I had carried out my plan as fast as I could.

The main goal was to prevent her from being spotted. So I told her to stay put in the cave and to not come out.

After that, was to find a way to somehow lead the humans away from this place. Although I didn’t know if my xifu would listen to my words obediently, but this was the best solution available at that time.

Of course, according to the *Dark Forest theory*¹, Medusa and I should just kill these 5 people.

Yet, the Dark Forest laws isn’t suitable to used here. This is because we didn’t know if they were stronger than us or not.

If the opponents were much stronger than us, then attacking recklessly would result in death.

Also, this is a world where human civilization exists, so communications was possible.

And communications were vital in solving problems, which could even benefit

both sides and bring forth a win-win situation.

But then, I had forgotten a very important point, and it was that I don't belong in this world.

No matter how I disguised it, it was still impossible to let them think of me as a normal human being. With my poor grasp of the language, and the fact that I live in such a desolate place, it would arouse their suspicions even more.

With such a situation at that time, I didn't have much time to think much about it.

On the other hand, as I am a peace-loving person, I decided to do what I did next .

The leader must be the guy with a typical Caucasian facial features. I thought he was the leader amongst the 5 in the party as he was the only one with a sabre hanging off him. The other 3 men also had Caucasian facial features, and one of them had a short hair cut.

(Anivyl: Great logic bro. I carry a sabre too, so now i am leader of all humanity.)

With blond hair and blue eyes, wearing a cerulean *batwing-like cape*², the woman next to them was quite a beauty.

I was unable to tell what sort of abilities or jobs these people had based off what they were wearing. I was hoping to distinguish their skills, like in the MMORPGs that I used to play. However, 3 of them had flintlock pistols, whilst the woman looked unarmed, making it hard to tell if they are warriors, mages or priests.

When we met face to face, both of us had shocked expressions on our faces.

Well, this was within what my expectations.

"Hello."

With the most natural voice possible, I greeted them.

"Oh, xxxxxx"

Crap, he was speaking too fast for me to understand, not to mention using

words that I have never heard before.

What do I do next? What should I say next? Come on, brain. Work!

“We are the kingdom’s xxxx. Who are you?”

“I am...live here.”

The Blond Leader(temporary name)placed his right hand on the hilt of his sabre as he questioned me.

Seeing how he puffed his chest out, he must be quite a proud person. At least, I was able to, mostly, understand what he just said.

“You live here?”

“Yes.”

“Hahahaha, he said he lives here.....”

Blond Leader said that as he laughed with his other party members. Although I felt slightly annoyed, I laughed along with them.

Previously, within the society, I had already trained my “fake laughter” technique to get along with people.

“Are you alone?”

“Yes.”

“Oh?”

Blond Leader started pacing around as he sized me up. Beside my other-wordly glasses, I was entirely outfitted by my purchases from Nightfall Town and the Black merchants. There shouldn’t be any problem with my apparel.

“Alyssa, we’re here, right?”

“Un.....it can’t be wrong.”

At this moment I noticed two things. The first is that the woman was called Alyssa, and the second is that she knows magic.

In her hands was a navy-blue gem, and, if my eyes weren’t playing tricks on me, the interior of the gem was letting out a white light.

At that very moment, I realized that things were not going according to my

plan.

To me, there are only 2 kinds of situations in a fight: One of it is me reacting to the opponent's moves; and the other is the opponent reacting to my moves. When either side is unable to take anymore actions, the victor and the loser is certain.

Currently, it was my turn to move. Facing against a party of 5, which also had the advantage of magic, it was impossible for me to get rough with them.

I also had no intentions to let Medusa be caught up in this trouble, so I had to say something now that could turn their attention away.

"May I inquire about everyone's job?"

Since there was just too little time for me to think, I could only ask such a question.

"I believe we have said it, mister. We are the kingdom's xxx"

"Or could it be that you don't know about and have never seen xxx before?"

"Living in such a place, it isn't weird for him to have not heard about xxx."

"Could it be xxxxxxxx?"

Maybe because the question was quite effective, they started making guesses about me. Please, just take me as a savage who is living in the forest.

"Mister, can you allow us to go into the mountain cave at the back, to xxx?"

With an extremely invasive sound, a cavalry sabre was pulled from from its scabbard in front of me.

I subconsciously clenched my fists.

Stabbing the sabre fiercely into the ground, the leader's glared at me with his brown eyes, as if he found a prey.

"I'm sorry, everyone.....this is not....."

"I already said, we are xxx!"

That's why I said, who the hell are you guys! Does this world have secret organizations like the FBI who can intrude into the homes of civilians too?!

Even if you guys are armed with guns and blades, even if it means getting one of my limbs chop off, I can't let you guys in.

But the beautiful tip of the sabre connected my chin with his hands.

Two pistols and a rifle, which someone must have been carrying on his back, were aimed at me.

In other words, a limb wouldn't solve this problem. Heck, the problem wouldn't be resolved even at the cost of my life.

The situation till now was the worst I had, even worse than the time I was pressed against the wall by Medusa, because they were really going to kill me.

I raised both my hands up, silently hoping that this international sign of surrender was usable here too, while praying that she would stay obediently in the cave and not come out.

"Everyone...I have no hostile intentions....."

"Then please move away."

"Sorry, I can't do that."

"Alyssa, it's really here, right?"

"Yes."

"Then we could only xxxxx."

A second ago, I was still working out what was he saying, in the next moment, I felt such great pain in my stomach that I nearly crumpled to the ground.

When a leather boot connects with stomach that offers up no resistance, it was clear who the victor was.

Next, a series of sudden movements made me unable to react in time.

After my body had undergone a series of turns and my hair experienced being violently and painfully pulled, in front of my eyes was Medusa, standing at the front of the cave, her bow taut in her hands.

The cut I had on the right side of my neck was throbbing painfully, as Blond Leader held the sabre against my throat, in a way that's totally different from the movies.

The sharp edge of the blade had already dug into my flesh by a few millimetres, which served as a painful reminder that my life was in his hands.

At that very moment, fear had already overloaded my brain as I almost screamed out 'Help me, xifu!'.

In the end, I managed to stay quiet, although it took all my willpower to do so.

If I let her know that I am terrified, it would surely affect my xifu's decision-making. Thus, I clenched my teeth so hard that my jaw started cramping.

Though the percentage of a single bow winning against 3 guns isn't that high, huh.

Various sounds started entering my ear, which must be short but precise orders.

I couldn't understand a single thing, except the phrase 'Kill that Medusa' said by the Blond Leader.

From that phrase onwards, anger slowly overtook the fear in my heart, fueling the anger in my heart, transforming it into rage.

Every sense and every ounce of energy I had was used in planning amidst this struggle.

I had immediately understood that this blond asshole was using me as a meatshield, because Medusa has her Petrifying Magic.

But all you had to do was not look at her eyes, and it would be fine. Besides, maybe because xifu was being considerate of me, she didn't use it.

Thus, I looked at my wife, and squeezed out a smile that looks even worse than crying.

"Oh, my Xifu er....."

I closed my eyes.

Footnotes:

1. This theory is explained very well near the end of the science fiction novel, *The Dark Forest* by Liu Cixin. The first axiom is that survival is the primary need of civilization. Therefore, civilizations will do whatever it takes to ensure their own

survival. The second axiom is that civilizations always grow and expand, but the amount of matter and resources in the universe are finite. For more info, click [here](#).

2. Something like [this](#)?

T/N: Life getting busy. Not sure when is next update.

Chapter 17

Excessive Mercy

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Anivyl, Ruzenor

The gamble started.

The deafening sound of the gunfire was more than enough to strike terror within the heart of any human living in peaceful times.

Coupled with the smell of gunpowder smoke, I finally realized how worthless a life can be in this world.

But at that moment, despite being extremely nervous, I managed to keep calm.

Based on my observations, the fight was mainly revolving around a single focal point— my wife, Medusa.

Whether it was because she intends to protect me, or because I was trying to hide her, or even because those people want to kill her, all of this was in direct relation to her.

Then, the simple solution to this was letting Medusa unleash her power to gain the upper hand.

Medusa's Petrification Magic could be described as our killing move, because it should deal tremendous damage to these people.

But she didn't use it immediately, probably because I was looking at her. She wouldn't want to petrify me along with those people.

Thus, my next move was a risky gamble.

I didn't know if closing my eyes would be effective against the Petrification Magic, nor was I able to find out if struggling with my eyes closed was going to be effective.

Heck, I didn't even know if my Wife, as a Medusa, knew how to cast

Petrification Magic.

“I believe in her.”

With just such a simple thought, I closed my eyes and started the fight of life and death.

If this goes as I planned, then three of the enemies have the probability of being petrified because it was impossible to aim a gun without opening your eyes!

As for this Blond Leader, his physical strength must be stronger than mine.

Though in the process of the casting of Petrification Magic, he should still be affected by it.

As long as he was distracted, I would have a chance of removing myself from the threat of his blade.

Although this plan had too many risks, it was the best one I could think of in such a situation.

If my luck was bad, then my throat would be cut. If it's worse, the blade would also cut my carotid artery.

But as long as a human is alive, he couldn't very well be pessimistic all the time. As long as he keeps thinking from an optimistic point of view, then he could live a happy and successful life.

So if I give up now, how would I be different from a piece of rock?

When the gunfire and magic started at the same time, it felt as if the piercing sound of someone wailing would mask the sounds of gunshots.

Despite having my eyes closed, I could still feel a wave of heat from Medusa's Petrification Magic.

Going with my plan, I used my knee to hit the inner part of the blond leader's right leg.

It wasn't as effective as I had imagined, but it didn't matter. Because my next movements were so fluid that I was shocked by them.

Jumping off my left leg, I laid my entire body weight into him as I positioned my

right hand on to my shoulder to prevent him blade from harming my throat further.

“Fuck!”

Following my angry curses, my 180cm body coupled with the body mass of 80kg effectively caused 2 men to crash into a pile on the ground.

Even if it's the Blond Leader's well built body, it couldn't stand a chance against such a sudden movement. I could even feel the back of my head hitting hard against that aquiline nose of his.

So far, things were going as expected. Next up: quickly changing the tactics from defending to attacking.

It didn't matter that I couldn't see my Xifu when I opened my eyes, I don't believe that 3 flintlock rifles were enough to kill a Medusa.

The closest weapon to me was the pot that I had bought previously. Lifting it up with both my hands, I turned my head to see two of the men standing, their bodies still poised to shoot. They must have had gotten hit by the Petrification Magic.

I didn't see the other man and that woman, but it didn't really matter as my priority now was the Blond Leader, who still haven't got up from the floor.

Then, I raised the pot with both of my hands and smashed down on his leg without giving a shit. From what I could feel, I have probably hit his bone.

As expected, I had hit his shin bone.

Fueled by some unknown strength, I smashed the pot onto his leg repeatedly.

As I continued bringing the pot on his leg, his sabre would hit against the pot, making loud clanging noises.

While I know that you can't kill someone by hitting his leg, I couldn't stop my hands.

Coupled with the wails of the Blond Leader, adrenaline coursed through my body as I continued smashing his leg.

Though why can't he just move his legs away?

Oh, seems like his leg is cramping.

Finally, I grew tired of smashing his leg and threw the pot aside. Wiping the sweat off my forehead, I sat on the floor and rolled up my sleeves, because there will be more physical activities soon.

However, I was still too naive. I did not know that, despite having a leg cramp, it did not take him more than 5 seconds to take a gun out from behind him.

As the Blond Leader was facing me this whole time, I totally didn't know, nor expect, him to have another pistol at his back.

Once again, I face an array of life or death options: whether to block the bullet with the pot; or to roll on the ground and evade the bullet.

Of course, I chose the later. I didn't know what he was shouting about, probably something about killing me and stuff.

I immediately laid backwards and rolled to my right, so if I still get shot, it would just be my bad luck.

"Goddamnit, these gunfires are so fucking loud. A few more shots and I would really turn deaf."

Though what I couldn't understand was, after those shots, Blond Leader became unusually quiet.

Just when I was about to lower my head a little to check out the situation, I heard a shout that made my heart tremble.

"Hubby where are you?"

"I am here. I am alive."

"Oh, I see. One's still alive."

"Un, got it."

Sitting up immediately, I saw Xifu with her bow looking for me.

After I called out to her, I looked at the blond idiot, only to see an arrow tip protruding from his head. That was, of course, the work of Medusa.

There was one left.....which was most probably that woman. With both the gem and knowledge of magic, no matter how you look at it, that woman's

survivability appears to be higher than those gun wielding idiots.

As I thought about that, I heard a feminine voice that was totally different from the shout before the fight.

It was obviously the sound of a spell being chanted, though it was a pity I didn't get to see what it would do as Xifu had already released her arrow.

A shout that sounded more normal came from the forest.

That arrow wasn't empowered, so it shouldn't have much killing power. Though, based on the ridiculous speed of the arrow flying towards its target, it should have either hit her shoulder or even her stomach.

Walking into the forest, it seems like Alyssa, the '*mahou shoujo*', was shot in the hand.

(T/N: Literally means Magical Girl for you non-weeaboos)

Though only her hand was hit, the amount of blood coming out was so much, huh.

I signaled towards Xifu to not kill her yet, after all, we need to leave one alive so that I could question their motives, just like in those movies.

Just as I took the small hatchet from my Xifu's waist, I finally noticed something I didn't before.

The beautiful tail of hers had an obvious gun wound, positioned right where a human's thigh would be.

At that point, if there was even an ounce of mercy within me, I would have to returned it entirely to God.

There's no difference between the blood of monsters and the blood of humans: the wound would not automatically rejuvenate nor would the bleeding stop by itself.

In my eyes, the thumb-sized wound seemed to nearly fist sized, causing my already unstable rationality to be completely overtaken by blind rage.

"Please don't kill me!"

The twisting expressions on her face made me extremely irritated.

I really wanted to ask her: we have not met for even 10 minutes, yet you are bent on killing my Xifu.

What the hell is that bullshit? What the fuck are you guys trying to prove? Was speaking with reason even possible between us? Are there no rules in this world?

I didn't even have the mood to interrogate her.

"You want to live, right?"

"Yes! I beg of you, xxxxxx"

I was too lazy to figure out whatever she just said, so I squatted down with the hatchet in my hand.

Blonde women with blue eyes were never my taste, especially when she has long hair.

My ex-girlfriend's hair were always scattered all over the bathroom. Every few days, I had to dig the hair balls out of the drain that's been clogged up, which was really a pain in the ass.

"If you want to live, sure. But you have to be faster than my Xifu's arrow."

I pointed towards Medusa, who was behind me.

"What?"

"Like I said, she's my wife."

"AHHH!"

Alyssa immediately started running.

The combination of fear and confusion is a really scary monster, isn't it.

I stood up and stood behind Xifu. From her point of view, I looked at the arrow that was about to be released.

As merciless as I was, the arrow cleared a white trail straight through that bitch called Alyssa, eventually protruding through her head..

For safety reasons, I asked my Xifu if there were more people around.

Getting a no for an answer, the bloodthirsty rage in my heart finally dissipated slowly.

" NO ONE FUCKS WITH MY FAMILY, NO ONE ! " ¹

Footnotes:

1.Originally in English.

Chapter 18

Post-war

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Mithril, Ruzenor

TLN: This does not mean I am back in action. Found this chapter among the trash in the Google Drive, decided to have it edited and posted. Oh, kudos to Mithril, a new editor for his excellent work!

**IF YOU ARE NOT READING THIS ON
LICKYMEETRANSLATIONS.WORDPRESS.COM THEN GO BURN IN HELL YOU
THIEF!**

After suffocating both of the petrified bastards to death, the conflict finally came to a conclusion. In the end, the casualties were decent, mostly because they were all on the enemies' side.

As I recalled that my Xifu was wounded, I swiftly carried her to the bed as I convinced her to rest

Afterwards, I dragged the corpses and arranged them side by side. I couldn't care less about covering them.

When I was done, I rushed back to the cave, and checked my Xifu's wound.

Bullets used by a flintlock gun don't fragment, so the internal damage should be little.

Looking at the wound, I could easily spot the small lead-like ball stuck in the flesh.

So I tried to remove the bullet from the wound, though the only tool I could

use for it were the small scissors.

To be honest, I was already afraid of taking thorns out of my fingers Even more so, taking out a bullet from someone's wound and treating it.

But, she's my wife after all, so I have to do it.

Just like how we scratch our nose when we feel it itch, my hands trembled greatly due to subconscious physiological reflexes.

Taking a deep breath, I cracked my knuckles and looked at her.

Her face showed a relaxed expression.....Hey, you do know that you just got shot, right?

"What is it?"

"Eh, nothing. If you are in pain, then bite me."

"Ah?"

As I was speaking, I put the scissors over my lighter flame to sterilise it. In a fluid motion, I inserted the blade into the wound and forcefully tried to pry the bullet out.

"Sorry.....it must hurt, right?"

"It's fine."

As expected of my strong Xifu, even when being treated by someone like me

who had no experience with taking out bullets, she merely knit her brows for a second.

The blood coming out wasn't that much, so I decided against bandaging it. And even if I wanted to, I didn't have any disinfectants such as alcohol.

As I stared at the blood-red wound, I realized that this was the first time in the 45 days I had been with her that she was injured to protect me, as well as that this was the first time we won a battle against an 'enemy'.

What would you call an 'enemy' in this world?

I used to think that I only needed to guard against fierce beasts and bad weather, but now it seemed that danger would come knocking on our door readily.

I started thinking about how this whole thing happened, which left me with a few questions. The first was why did the humans come here?

I was pretty sure that there weren't any humans in a 10 kilometre radius around our home, after all Nightfall Town was definitely more than 10 kilometre away.

Looking across the plains, there hasn't been any sign of humans inhabiting it before.

Because of that I hypothesized that these 5 humans travelled far and wide to come here, and the camping supplies in their luggage only served to fortify my hypothesis further.

Then, if they travelled so far to come here, how did they find us so accurately?

It would sound too forceful, to say that it was because they saw the wagon with the big sheep that I tied near the cold river.

After all, the cold river was quite a distance from the cave, and the forest

blocked the view from the outside.

Two possibilities floated in my mind. The first was that this group had already known of our existence as well as our position.

The second was that they had used some kind of device or other way to pinpoint our position.

Personally, I considered the second possibility as more plausible, seeing that glowing gem made me think it might be a tool to detect monsters.

If that is right, then my guess bore fruit.

These 5 people came here with a goal in mind, and that is to hunt down monsters.

However, a hypothesis is only a hypothesis in the end, and there were still many possibilities that I hadn't considered yet.

Still, it wasn't bad to expect the worst when your life was threatened. Especially considering how the Blond Leader threatened me, and how easily he decided to fire.

So in a way, there was no reason not to think of the worst case scenario.

Another problem that surfaced was the question whether or not there really was any need to kill all 5 of them?

During that time, my rationality had been completely taken over by my anger, so I hadn't been thinking straight.

But to be honest, I couldn't possibly let even one of those 5 people get away.

Had I had even an ounce of compassion when facing that woman Alyssa and thus let her go, then our position and existence would have been completely

exposed.

By having them rest here eternally, there won't be any more people that know our position.

Although this was the safest way, it was also our loss for not having interrogated them. To us right now, information was the most valuable commodity.

Putting aside whether my guess was right or not, I had to act now.

Right now, my next 'big project' was to bury and deal with these 5 corpses.

Other than the military sabre and the firearms, the only thing worth keeping on the Blond Leader's corpse was money.

Next was the short-haired dude with a beard. There were many useful things on him such as supplies to set up a tent, as well as an a lantern reminding me of those from early Europe. The miscellaneous items include matches, wine pots, needles, threads and more.

I didn't know what use the things on Alyssa's body had except for the small handheld mirror.

The other two men didn't have much stuff on them as they mainly carried food supplies.

In the end, the spoils we got were quite a lot. The 2 most special out of them all were a pocket watch and a glowing blue gem.

To the me at that time, these two items were definitely treasures.

Why? Because it's a pocket watch! Having a pocket watch means having knowledge of the time!

Not only can I easily find out what time it is, I can also use it to calculate.

Additionally this pocket watch used the same time units and had 3 hands displaying hours, minutes and seconds just like the ones back in my old world.

Although the way the numbers were written was entirely different, the division of the dial was clear as day.

The blue gem, on the other hand, looked like a pendant, due to its sides being covered with metal.

What I was curious about was that it doesn't glow when I or Medusa held it.....

Well, I'll look into it in the future.

After taking off all their clothes, burying all 5 bodies took me the entire afternoon. With so much fertiliser, my crops should grow quite robustly.

I initially planned to burn their clothes, but it was too bothersome, so I teared them apart and used them to fill in the gaps and holes of the door sill.

As for the canvas used to set up the tent, I draped it over the eave, which served as a decent waterproof roof.

Using the food rations I found in the luggage, I made a pot of stew.

According to my family traditions, only while it's winter or when someone falls sick, would we make a stew, which made it's appearance scarce on the dining table.

Although among the 'spoils' was bread which normally would be a 'high quality food', but it was so rough and hard that my gums would bleed.....not to mention the cheese that smelled of rotten milk, making sugar the only edible one among them.

Although I call it sugar, it was more like crystallized honey. It's yellow and white colour somehow raised my appetite for it.

After mincing some girabbit meat and putting it into the pot, I threw in some

sliced mountain herbs I had planted, added some cheese, spices to warm the body up, and some salt.

When the soup became thick and fragrant, I teared the bread into bits and threw them into the pot, to let the heat soften it.

I was used to make this kind of 'Meal for the sick' as my father had been through a time where his body had been weak causing him to fall sick easily.

Rather than going on an expensive trip to the hospital, he chose to recuperate at home.

I myself liked taking care of others.

From the point of view of my friends, it as if I was an independent person by not relying on others.

To be honest, when I take care of others, I feel that I am also being supported by the one I'm taking care of.

Although I would prefer to call this 'When one is helping another, both gain strength'.

"Delicious?"

"Delicious, hehe."

A beautiful woman eating.....now that's what you call eye candy. If she wasn't hurt, I would have really done something.....

"Eat more....."

As I fed her, I thought about what had to be done in the future.

As to why these people could find us, it could also be due to us exposing ourselves first.

For example, the smoke from the cooking fire, or when we came in contact with other humans. Could it be due to that time we went to Nightfall Town?

I don't know how to explain it, but it doesn't seem like the Nightfall Town residents have anything against monsters.

Wolflang the werewolf could already live there carefree, and the blacksmith even welcomed me and my Xifu warmly. The people in the bar were initially wary of us, but in the end they didn't have any hostile intentions.

These 5 people shouldn't have come from Nightfall Town, and that trip to Nightfall Town was really worth it.

As soon as possible I had to obtain as much information as possible so I could get answers to my questions.

All I knew was, that this was just the tip of the iceberg, and I had the prediction that both of our futures would be more than I could ever imagine.

Chapter 19

Lia the Succubus

Translated by Lickymee

Edited by Mithril

TLN: Please don't read this on other sites other than the translators. Your piracy hurts the community and the translators itself. I won't say which pirate site is doing it, but please have some guilty conscience.

On a more positive note, I'm lifting the hiatus on this site. And the next part of Goblin Slayer should be finished and posted soon.

"I really don't want to meet a succubus or a monster like it, because who knows whether they are using their Charm magic or not." —After thoroughly understanding this monster called succubus, this was the sentence I wrote down in my diary.

On the 50th day, I decided to make a journey to Nightfall Town alone. Xifu only let me leave after I convinced her in a heated argument.

I had my own considerations after all. As a man, there are some things I just have to do myself. I can't keep relying on my Xifu forever after all..

Additionally, it was probably safer for her to leave my wife alone here. If something were to happen on the way, I'd probably only end up dragging her down even further.

Initially, I wanted to bring a gun with me for self-defence. Yet as I have only seen flintlock pistols in the internet before this, using them was a real pain.

Its complicated reloading procedure had me pull my hair out. First, I had to fill the muzzle with gunpowder. Next, after loading the bullet in, I had to pull the hammer back. What came next was loading flint into the cock and priming the flashpan with a small amount of finely ground gunpowder.¹

Only after all this the gun can be considered loaded. Who the hell would be in

the mood to go through so many steps in a middle of a fight.....

Thus, in the end, I chose to take the short hatchet with me.

Although it was a melee weapon, it felt comfortable in my hands.

As if by holding it I would be granted powers from Xifu(lol)

Xifu's wound heal a little faster than normal humans do, so I didn't worry too much about them.

What really bothered me was that I didn't know whether I could do this on my own. If I had my notebook with me, I could use more than 2100 words.

Without it, I'm practically screwed.

Eh, whatever. Anymore hesitation and I won't even reach there before noon.

The sheep-drawn wagon had been tied to a tree near the river by me. I didn't really pay much attention to it since the sheep could fill its belly with grass when hungry and drink water from the stream when thirsty.

All I needed to do was to clean it's faeces regularly. As I had also spent a lot of effort training it, it finally could draw the wagon like a real horse if you ignore it's occasional disobedience.

Sitting on the wagon, all I had to do was poke the sheep with a wooden stick and it would start moving.

Although that sounds easy, but the sheep would keep stopping to graze. And when it starts grazing, it wouldn't move no matter how many times I'd poke it.

Unlike other farm animals, such as cows or pigs, I had never come contact with a sheep before, so to have been able to train it to this level was actually quite a feat for me.

As I remembered the way to Nightfall Town clearly, it made me think that my skill to recognise the way was an 'ability' inherited from my father.

In the past, no matter in which unfamiliar city I was, I could remember the roads 90 percent of the time.

But in reality, I was currently figuring out which way Nightfall Town was.

I dug into my memories from last time as a reference, which included the

geography and even the height of the trees.

At last, I reached Nightfall Town before 10 o'clock in the morning.

Due to using this road for the second time, I etched the position of Nightfall Town in my heart—it's to the Northwest of the cave entrance, and 15 to 20 kilometres away from the cave.

When I pushed the door of Nightfall Town bar once again, the people seated at the tables only glanced at me without any signs of wariness.

Walking straight towards the bar counter, I plopped my small money pouch on the countertop—drink first, talk later.

"The same as before?"

"Yeah."

"That'll be 1 Krauer."

Krauer had to be the name of their currency, though I got used to calling it Krau nowadays.

"O-okay."

Handing the boss of the bar a normal coin, he passed me a cup full of wine. It tasted just like how I remembered it, being slightly on the sweet side.

Taking out my lighter and cigarettes, I was considering what to do next when a big furry claw touched my shoulder. Of course, it was obvious who the owner of the claw was.

"Hey, Mista Wolflang?"

"Oh~Hello, **Mis-ter** Lou Woo."

Wolflang emphasised the word Mister, thus obviously correcting my pronunciation.

"Mis-ter, right?"

"Yes, that is right haha. For what purpose are you here for today, Mister Lou Woo?"

"About that.....I want to show you something."

“Hmm?”

Under his expectant eyes, I took out the pendant with the blue gem in it from my clothes.

Because in this world, I was totally clueless about many things, especially the ‘Kingdom’ I heard so much about.

Thus, I used a unique object such as this as a conversation starter.

“Hold on, Mister Lou Woo.”

Putting on a pair of glasses, he carefully took the pendant from me.

When a werewolf gets serious, it’s facial expression really does look human.

As I waited patiently for the appraisal result, he suddenly passed the pendant to the owner of the bar behind the counter and started discussing something with one another.

“This, how did you get it?”

The owner of the bar touched the whitening hair on his temple as he stared at me.

“I.....”

“Let’s head upstairs and call xxxxxx.”

“Un.”

Eh? Why do I feel like I just screwed up big time? Could it be that this pendant is some kind of ancient artefact!?

Climbing the ‘Z’-shaped wooden stairs felt very unusual. It gave off a totally different feeling from those modern replicas of those traditional wooden stairs.

The second floor had 4 doors, with one of it being a double door on the right side.

I was then led by Wolflang into a living room that looked as if it was straight out of a movie about 18th century Europe.

“Please take a seat, Mister Lou Woo.”

“Okay.”

“For this object, we still need another person to.....”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s fine.”

With excitement bubbling inside of me, I watched as the bar owner took out a rifle from a cabinet.

Despite it being a flintlock rifle too, it had a rear sight on the barrel of the gun.

With skilled hands, the owner of the bar loaded the rifle with ammunition and fired out of the window.

Unable to contain my excitement anymore, I scuttled to the side of the window to see what was going to happen next.

An ethereal ringing sound of a bell filled the air as I looked towards the source.

30 meters from here was a building that looked like a church with a gigantic bell hanging on the bell tower.

In other words, the bar owner just shot the bell with an antique flintlock rifle with perfect precision.

Before I came back to my senses, something very large flew in through the window.

In my whole life, I have seen many types of women. Yet for the first time in my life, I saw a girl with such natural beauty.

If I had to describe it, it wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that even the rulers of nations would crumble before her.

Her brown hair curled down on her clothes with elegance, not to mention the graceful aura of hers that rivaled that of a noble lady. Her lips looked like they were the masterpiece of a skilled sculptor and what escaped them was a dream-like voice.

“What’s the matter~”

“This! This.....”

A succubus! She’s definitely a succubus! I’d bet 3 months of my rent!

The horns that curl backwards on her head and those large wings of hers were more than enough indication for me to confirm that this ‘thing’ was definitely a

succubus.

"Mister Lou Woo, this is Miss Lia."

"....."

Even though I heard Wolflang's introductions, I didn't even move a finger.

Normally, should a man stare at a woman for more than 3 seconds, the surrounding people would notice it. And I think I stared at her for more than 5 seconds already?

But the reason I was staring at her wasn't her beauty but instead due to my wariness of her.

I trusted no one in this building completely except for my wife and she wasn't here.

"Hello, Mister Lou Woo."

"Hello, Miss Lia."

I shook the hand she stretched towards me as a sign of friendliness.

To be honest, I could have done better at being polite, like making a gentlemanly move like kissing her hand or something.

The blue pendant I put on the table earlier didn't earn a look of surprise from Lia the succubus as she picked it up leisurely and looked at it.

"Mmm~not bad. A thing from the Kingdom. Whose is this?"

Even though Wolflang and the owner of the bar turned their line of sight towards me, I didn't answer her.

"It seems that Mister Lou Woo here doesn't like me....."

"My apologies, I did not mean that.....I want to know, err.....use. How to use this?"

Flipping my notebook that was filled with words, I quickly compiled a sentence and said it.

"Oh~that's easy."

The succubus said such simple words as she held the pendant in her hand.

Without the need to chant a spell or anything, the gem in the pendant started emitting a bright light that was almost as bright as a 200V light bulb.

Next, her fair white fingers slowly covered the shining pendant as a portion of light shone from between her fingers.

At the same time, the light also shone through her fingers making them glow as red as rubies, making her straight phalanges be slightly visible from the outside.

I will never forget that sight for my whole life. I stared and stared, as if the magical power would have entered my eyes itself.

“How is it? Mister Lou Woo~?”

Footnotes:

- 1. Deciphered what I could understand. Use this site if you want to understand what this shit really is.-><http://www.wikihow.com/Load-and-Fire-a-Muzzleloader>*